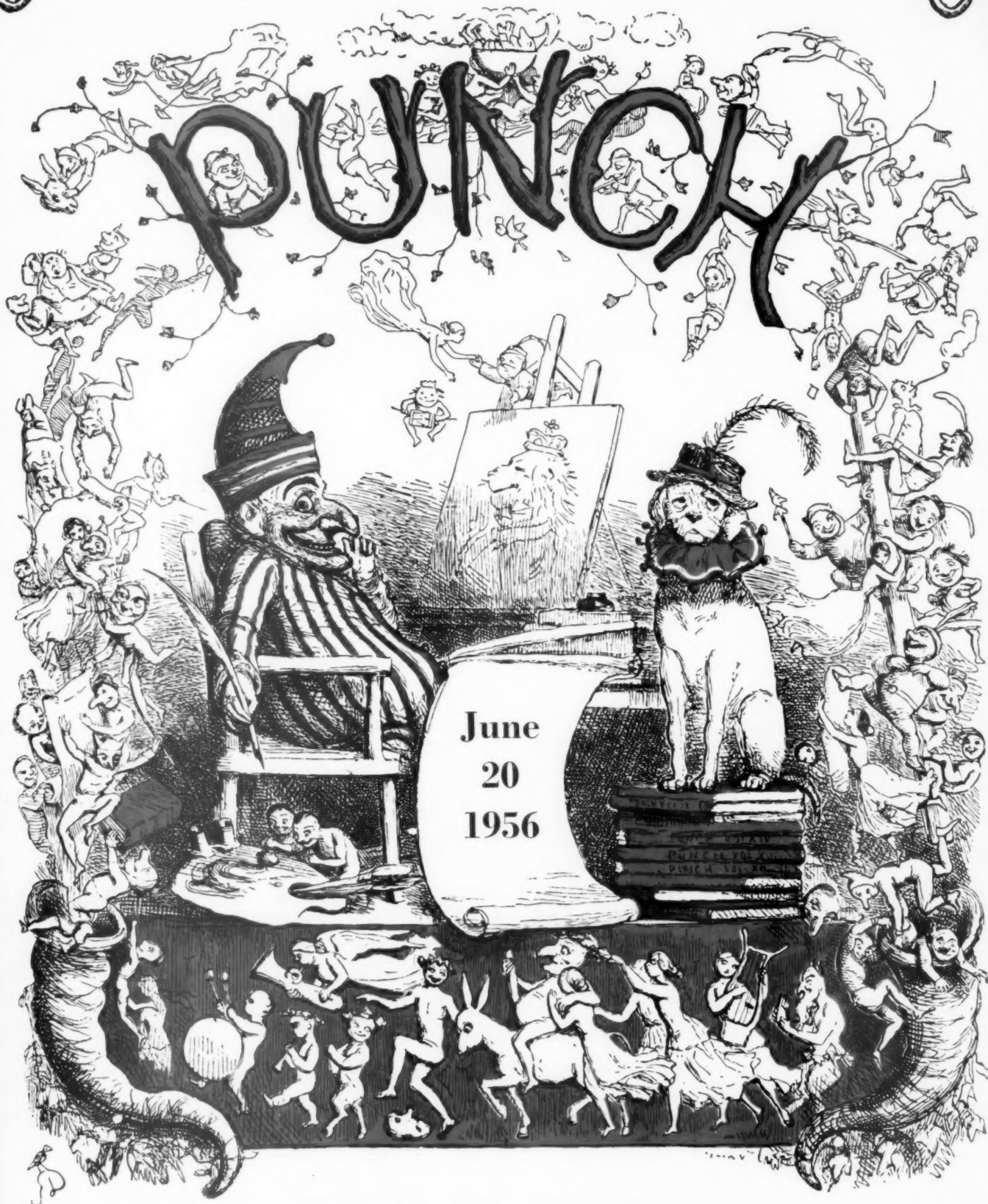


6^d

PUNCH or The London Charivari—June 20 1956

6^d

PUNCH OFFICE 10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C.4.

How to enjoy the party spirit

Gordon's is the party-spirit and one of the great things about it is that everyone can have it as they like it—sweet or dry, short or long. Like a happy man, Gordon's* is a good mixer. Bottle 34/6d.; ½-bottle 18/-d.; ¼-bottle 9/5d.; miniature 3/8d.

Gin and Tonic. Serve in a fairly large glass so that people can add as much Tonic Water as they like. Add a thin slice of lemon.

Gin and Orange. For a short-and-sweet, have equal quantities of Gordon's and Orange Squash. Reduce the orange for a semi-sweet. For a long drink, add soda water.



P.S.—Busy barmen appreciate clear orders, e.g. "Gordon's with a dash of orange, please."

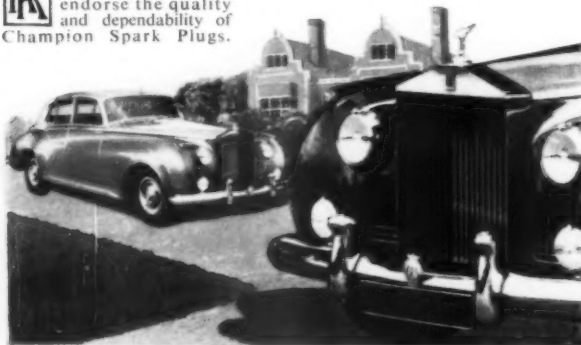
* Ask for it by name

All prices U.K. only

Gordon's Stands Supreme



... symbol of quality known the world over, endorse the quality and dependability of Champion Spark Plugs.



ROLLS-ROYCE
&
BENTLEY
CARS

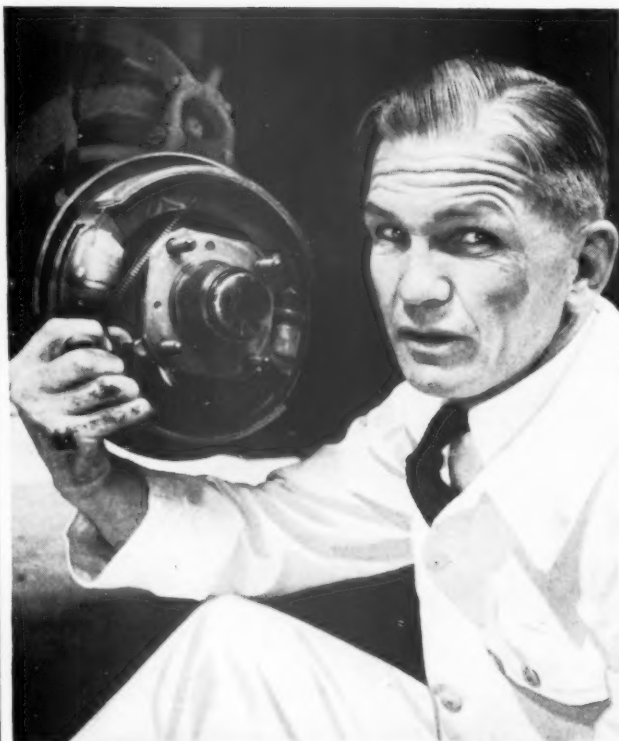
are fitted with

CHAMPION
SPARK PLUGS



M3

CHAMPION SPARKING PLUG COMPANY LIMITED FELTHAM - MIDDLESEX



"We don't need a crystal ball"

"When a garage man tells you that regular brake testing every 2,500 miles will save you money—and maybe save your life—he's not guessing or crystal gazing. His training, his experience have taught him that badly adjusted brakes waste the life of linings and sometimes score brake drums. Make sure your car is safe . . .

ask your garage to check your brakes now!"



That's the advice of a man you can trust . . . a garage man. When, eventually your brakes need re-lining, he'll use a product he can trust—Ferodo Anti-Fade Brake Linings.

**EXPERT ADVICE ON BRAKES
MAY SAVE LIFE—MUST
SAVE MONEY**

See your garage about
FERODO
ANTI-FADE Brake Linings

FERODO LIMITED · CHAPEL-EN-LE-FRITH A Member of the Turner & Newall Organisation

...it's New!

FOR YOUR ENGINE
FOR EVERY ENGINE



ESSO EXTRA MOTOR OIL

Whatever the make, the age or the condition of your car, new free-flowing Esso Extra Motor Oil gives *instant lubrication* at all temperatures, all the year round. This means that Esso Extra Motor Oil actually protects your engine throughout the entire working life built into

it by the motor manufacturer. You enjoy quick-starting, smoother motoring straight away, reduced upkeep costs and prolonged engine life. Change now to new Esso Extra Motor Oil—recommended by leading car manufacturers—and on sale at Esso Dealers everywhere.



ESSO

EXTRA MOTOR OIL *protects your engine for life!*

*Handsome is as
handsome does*



Shelf area
9½ sq. ft.

Electrolux

REFRIGERATOR MODEL L.500

... it looks after your food *beautifully*. Gracefully styled—built to last—it has all the latest features.

- Large frozen food and ice-making compartment.
- Large vitaliser drawer • Two door shelves.
- Interior light • Lockable door handle.
- External finish in WHITE or CREAM.
- Permanently silent operation by electricity, gas, paraffin or bottled gas.
- Cooling unit guaranteed 5 years.
- Credit Terms available.
- Also larger model (L.730) with shelf area 14 sq. ft.

Electrolux
Excels



By Appointment
Refrigerator Makers
to the late King George VI



By Appointment
Suction Cleaner and
Refrigerator Manufacturers
to the late Queen Mary

ELECTROLUX LTD., • 153/5 REGENT STREET, LONDON W.1.



EMINENT VICTORIANS AND GREAT CONTEMPORARIES

Mr. Punch and Mr. Horniman are the authors of two classics which today are still best sellers. In Mr. Punch's pages you will find perennial wit and wisdom. In Mr. Horniman's leaves, sheer poetry. Their fine flavour, agreeable nature and many distinguished qualities have set a standard by which others are judged. What indeed would Britain be without its sense of humour—typified by Mr. Punch—or its cup of tea—perfected by Mr. Horniman?



HORNIMANS

ESTABLISHED 1826

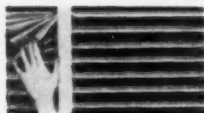
Rich and Fragrant

W. H. & F. J. HORNIMAN & CO. LTD. SHEPHERDESS WALK N.1

Wake up

to this
smart
window

decoration in **YOUR HOME!**



Snap-back

aluminium slats. Bend them! They snap back ruler-straight, every time!



Wipe-Clean

plastic tapes. Just wipe them with a damp cloth and even the most stubborn stains are easily removed.



Complete closure

Overlapping of the slats permit perfect closure. You can turn day into night just by flicking the cord.



Look for this mark

Be sure the blinds you specify carry the Luxaflex 'visible-invisible' trade-mark on the slats.

Venetian Blinds made of Luxaflex will add more dignity and quiet beauty to your rooms. Leading architects all over the world specify them.

Prominent decorators recommend them. This is because Luxaflex Venetian Blinds blend so perfectly with any style of architecture and

interior decoration. And no other window covering controls light so effectively. A slight pull on the cord gives any desired degree of light regulation and gently disperses the natural light for greater illumination efficiency throughout your rooms.
165 decorative colour combinations.

Venetian
Blinds of

Luxaflex

REGISTERED TRADE-MARK



Available from leading furnishing & department stores or write for further information to:
HUNTER DOUGLAS (GREAT BRITAIN) LTD., 10 DRAKE STREET, RED LION SQUARE,
LONDON, W.C.1. Tel. CHAncery 8634

Refreshingly Different

A delightful companion of gay hours is Coca-Cola, chilled for preference. It's refreshingly different . . . it has a subtle, fascinating taste, a welcome lift. That's because Coca-Cola is made with fine, natural flavours from nine sunny climes. You enjoy the lively taste of Coca-Cola to the last sparkling sip . . . at all the best places and parties everywhere.



adds to the pleasure of any occasion

BOTTLED IN THE UNITED KINGDOM UNDER AUTHORITY OF THE COCA-COLA COMPANY



Summertime and a touch of magic



so light... so creamy-smooth



Symington's Table-Creams—made in a moment—provide the perfect epilogue to a civilised meal. Choose from these fine flavours: coffee, caramel, banana, raspberry, strawberry, vanilla, chocolate, orange, lemon. Only 9d.

Symington's Table-Creams

W. Symington & Co. Ltd., Market Harborough, Leicestershire. Est. 1827

ROBERTS ORIGINAL BROWN WINDSOR SOAP

The choice of the discerning since Regency days

Toilet size 1/0½d, Bath Disk 2/1d, per tablet
From Boots and all other good Chemists



By appointment Toilet Soap Makers to Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II

ROBERTS WINDSOR SOAP COMPANY LTD., WINDSOR, ENGLAND

THE HYGIENIC BOOTS & SHOES
 MANUFACTURED ON ANATOMICAL PRINCIPLES
 BY
C. & J. CLARK
 STREET NEAR GLASTONBURY, SOMERSETSHIRE

THESE BOOTS DO NOT DEFORM THE FEET OR CAUSE CORNS AND BUNIONS, BUT ARE COMFORTABLE TO WEAR & MAKE WALKING A PLEASURE.

AT THE SAME TIME THE SHAPES ARE NOT CARRIED TO SUCH AN EXTREME AS TO APPEAR CONSPICUOUS OR UNSIGHTLY.

BEING MADE IN FOUR FITTINGS OF EVERY SIZE & HALF SIZE THEY WILL FIT EVERY ORDINARY SHAPE OF FOOT.

THE HYGIENIC SHAPE WHICH PRESERVES THE NATURAL SHAPE OF THE FOOT

THE ORDINARY PATTERN WHICH GREATLY DEFORMS IT

STAMPER ON EACH SOLE

ESTABLISHED 1825

MOST EMINENT MEDICAL MEN FULLY RECOGNIZE THE IMPORTANT INFLUENCE THAT PROPER SHAPES OF BOOTS & SHOES HAVE ON THE HEALTH OF THE WEARER. THOSE WHOSE FEET HAVE BEEN DISTORTED IN CHILDHOOD WILL FIND GREATER EASE IN THESE BOOTS THAN IN THOSE OF ORDINARY SHAPES WITH SMALL HIGH HEELS.

THOSE WHO ARE LESS DEFORMED MAY BY WEARING THESE BOOTS AVOID FURTHER INJURY AND IN MANY CASES GRADUALLY RECOVER THE NATURAL FORM OF THE FEET.

THE GREATEST ADVANTAGE WILL BE FOUND BY THOSE WHO WEAR HYGIENIC SHAPES FROM CHILDHOOD, AND ALL PARENTS SHOULD FEEL IT A DUTY TO PRESERVE THE FEET OF THEIR CHILDREN IN THE SHAPE IN WHICH NATURE INTENDED THEM TO GROW.

A little while ago a most distinguished elderly Australian business executive, who was sitting in our waiting room at Street, noticed a copy of a 94-year-old showcard hanging on the wall. Like most people who spend a great deal of their time in either medical, dental or industrial waiting rooms, he had a great capacity for reading and having consumed most of the other available literature in the room, he got up, crossed the room and studied the showcard.

He was so impressed with what he read that he asked

us if we could let him have a copy of this old showcard to hang on the wall of his office back in Adelaide. He told us that persuasive American friends had always led him to believe that the Americans were the first people to make shoes in more than one fitting. The thought of being able to point out to his American friends that Clarks were doing this as long ago as 1862 appealed to his antipodean sense of humour.

Clarks

When you think of
LUGGAGE
think of....
NOTON



Just off the plane and their chauffeur packs away their Noton "Canberra Range" cases—specially designed for air travel. She carries her Noton tailored leather handbag and he his American Style Noton Document case. Obviously when they think of luggage they think of NOTON.

NOTON
Luggage



He
wears the
trousers
but—

Kindly put my shirt away.

Oh, don't be silly. You've lots more shirts.

But not Exmoor shirts. My best shirts. My thirty-shilling, super-garments. Gimme.

I like the collar.

Madam is wearing one of two styles: there is a replacement service for worn collars—nominal charge. The fabric of the shirt is rayon-nylon, notable as regards resistance to

wear, shrinkage—

Blah, blah. Stop talking like an advertisement.

—and laundering by ham-handed Hannahs who shall be nameless. Generously cut and expertly tailored, Exmoor shirts represent exceptional value at 30/- retail—

Take your wonderful shirt. There! Thank you kindly. Now hadn't you better come away from the window?

cut for comfort

woven for wear



Regd.



Courtaulds 'Tested-Quality'

Luvisca Limited, Exeter.

BODEGAS: JEREZ DE LA FRONTERA · SPAIN

WILLIAMS & HUMBERT'S
CARLITO
SHERRY

LONDON HOUSE: 35 SEETHING LANE EC3

CARLITO—The popular medium dry Amontillado.

For added pleasure on sunny days, recommend that your customers pop a bottle in the 'frig' for a few minutes before serving.

Also available in half bottles.

Spain's Best

Produced by the famous 'DRY SACK' People

"Punchbowl in the cool of a desert evening"



"Barneys has been my tobacco now for nearly four years. If it hadn't been for Barneys and the incredible way it keeps fresh and cool to smoke, even under tropical conditions, I should have given up my pipe long ago."

After the heat and fatigue of the day's driving on our Sahara trip, I shall look forward to the relaxation of a pipeful of Barneys in the cool of the desert evening".

(This letter can be seen at 11 Bedford Sq., W.C.1)



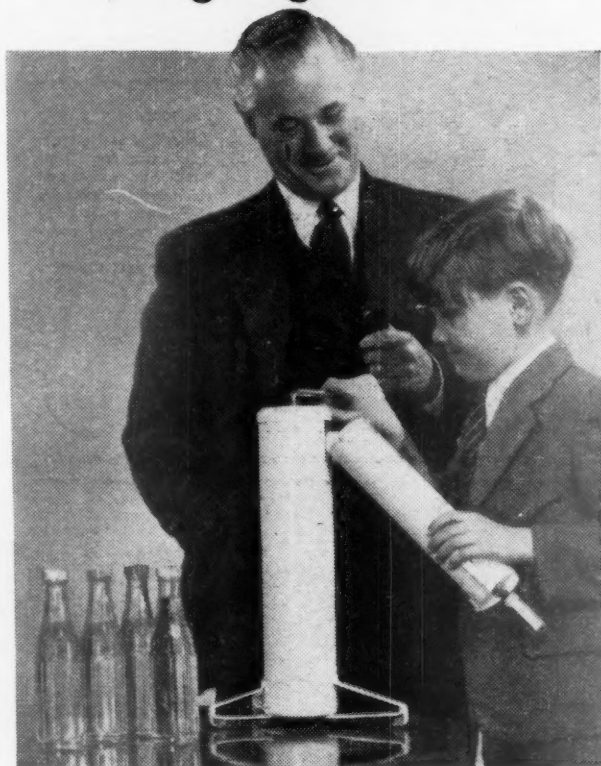
Barneys (Medium) Punchbowl (Full) Parsons' Pleasure (Mild) each

4'10¹/₂ ounce

make your own
soda, tonic
and ginger beer



By Appointment
Soda-Water Machine Manufacturers
to the late King George VI



—at a fraction of normal cost

SODA-WATER ON TAP in your own home! What a blessing! No more empties to return. No more "forgotten-to-order" crises. It's all so easy—and Sodastream is just as portable as an ordinary syphon.

With Sodastream you can quickly make not only Soda-water, but, with the aid of true-flavour concentrates, tonic water, ginger beer, ginger ale and wonderful fruit drinks—all at a fraction of normal cost. Soda-water works out at 1/4d

for an 8 oz. bottle, and other drinks at around 2 1/2d.

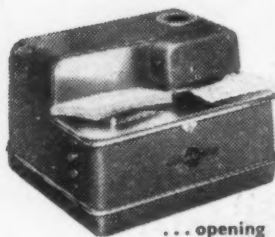
Sodastream, with six bottles and a cylinder to make 300 bottles, is yours for £16.12.0 including P.T. Your empty cylinder, returned by post, can be recharged for 10/-.

Send for your Sodastream right away, or write for further particulars to:

Sodastream

SODASTREAM LTD • Dept. A.6 • 22 OVAL ROAD, LONDON, N.W.1 • GULiver 4421

Put precision into your post-handling



... opening

Often even modern businesses hang on to old-fashioned methods of dealing with the post. If you haven't yet done so, bring your post-room up to date with these ICC machines. Their accuracy and precision will save you money, labour and hours of precious time.

The youngest member of your staff can zip open your incoming mail in minutes with this ICC machine. Automatic feed. Safety for operator and letter-contents. Self-sharpening cutters. Electric or hand-operated models.



... sealing

Safe, silent and speedy. Automatic feed that handles most sizes and thicknesses of envelope. Models are electrically driven or hand operated. And either way need no skill to work.

Write for fuller details of these and other ICC work-savers—or phone us for a demonstration.

International Coin Counting Machine Co. Ltd.
28 Alexandra Road, Enfield, Middlesex.
Phone: Howard 3027 (Fte. Beh. Exch.)



Makers of letter-opening, envelope-sealing, coin-counting and token-counting machines.



Whitbread you want, Sir, and Whitbread you shall have

It will be a pleasure to send it to you. It's some years now since I decided to make Whitbread my leading line and I've never had cause to regret it. Practically all my regular customers order it, and I can't remember when I had a complaint! That's the kind of trade that's worth having.

WHITBREAD

the superb Pale Ale



*thin at thirty
and getting worse
—why doesn't he use*

'Medicine for the Hair'

*thin patches,
receding at
the temples..
these are the
signals which
say USE*

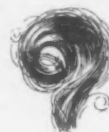


'PANTENE'

new Vitamin Hair Tonic

In twelve Continental countries, 'Pantene'—the new Vitamin B Hair Tonic—is regularly used and regarded today by countless men and women as 'Medicine for the Hair'. The description is well justified. 'Pantene' is a unique Hair Tonic. Formulated following the discovery by research chemists that a certain Vitamin of the B Complex, *Panthenol*, is important to hair health and growth, it has achieved remarkable successes. It is the *only* Hair Tonic containing Panthenol.

Like any tonic, 'Pantene' must be persevered with. If your hair is showing any of the signs of ill-health—receding at the temples, thin patches, falling out, dandruff, or generally feeble growth—use 'Pantene' as a treatment, massaging it into the scalp every morning. Only by regular use can 'Pantene' achieve its fullest results.



You can obtain 'Pantene' either 'With Oil' or 'Without Oil'. Price 16/6 a bottle, from your chemist or hairdresser.

a tonic proved by success in 12 countries

Sole Distributors: Thos. Christy & Co. Ltd., Aldershot

A film star? Never. A soldier? Once.
An explorer? In a manner of speaking...
An artist? Certainly!...
and a most designing individual.
What's more, a man with a reputation
for understanding the good things of life.
Let's have a word with him.

Sir! Will you join us in a small glass of something?

*Why, thank you. I will. Not too small, if you
don't mind... and not too strong.*

A dry Martini?

*This morning I feel more inclined to a straight
vermouth—shall we say a Martini Dry.
And I'll take it, if I may, in a large glass.
You can't appreciate a first-rate vermouth in thimblefuls.*

That's an interesting answer.
We'll have the same. Nothing with it?

*Coldness—a good barman provides that free!
And an olive by all means.
The colour of an olive tones well with the Martini.
The flavour of an olive doesn't quarrel
with the subtleties in the glass.
Settings are important. I wouldn't, for instance,
drink even a Martini from a chipped china mug.*

But, china mugs apart...?

*There's no better drink in the wide world
than Martini, dry or sweet.
You can quote Hardy Amies on that.*



Better drink

MARTINI

Sweet or Dry



the bristles won't come out!

More and more manufacturers are now going to Harris for all their 'paint' brushes. Why? Because from Harris they get a brush of the right quality and the right price for every industrial job—painting, oiling, greasing, cleaning, dusting, inking, pasting or whatever. We'll be glad to send you literature giving full details of the complete Harris range.

**52 DIFFERENT TYPES TO CHOOSE FROM
SPECIAL BULK TERMS
DELIVERY BY RETURN POST**



Harris
paint brushes for industry

L. G. HARRIS & CO. LTD · STOKE PRIOR · WORCESTERSHIRE
Harris THE PAINT BRUSH WITH A NAME TO ITS HANDLE

CBC 31



a blow for comfort

There may be chilly evenings during your holiday—but not so chilly as it was searching for the Abominable Snowman in the Himalayas. It could even snow—but never as it snowed for Nottingham University's expedition to the Arctic. It may conceivably be warm—but never so warm as the Crown's veterinary surgeons find it in Bechuanaland. Our point is this: where the comforts of a good tent are the only comforts going, to-day they choose an Igloo—the pneumatic tent. No pole. Pumped or packed up in 3 minutes: big door: base 6' 9" square. Folds into its own small valise—24" x 12" x 6". The last word in tents! Tan or green £21. Free delivery in U.K. Plastic groundsheet £2. 6. 6

INCLUDING THE TIN-OPENER

Our Campers' department, now bigger and brighter, is of course The Famous One. The new tents from the continent? See them here. A new stove—virtually a portable gas ring? That would be the Turm-Sport. Easily lit, no pumping (meths), adjustable flame. We have it—44/6 post 2/3—and everything else to make your camping a pleasure

Let us send you our Camping Catalogue

DAY AND NIGHT SERVICE · VICTORIA 1254

Our telephones are on duty 24 hours a day: ready to note your needs at any time for anything from a bottled chicken to a folding canoe

Long-distance calls are cheaper between 6 and 10.30 p.m.

**Army & Navy
Stores**

EVERYTHING FOR EVERYONE

VICTORIA STREET SW1 · 5 MINUTES' WALK FROM VICTORIA STATION





Lucky man

to have such a delicious breakfast put before him by a wife who must know how important this meal is. Lucky couple to have such a handsome collection of stainless steel to grace their table; some being wedding presents perhaps from knowing friends. What a difference she will find when it comes to the washing up. Stainless steel is so easy to keep clean — just a rinse in hot soapy water and a wipe with a cloth or leather. “Staybrite” stainless steel is still as popular in the home today as it was twenty years ago, and many new and delightful articles are available.



If you are unable to obtain just what you want, let us know and we will send a list of names and addresses that may help you.

FIRTH-VICKERS STAINLESS STEELS LTD · SHEFFIELD

Telephone: Sheffield 42051

Shell Nature Studies 18 MINERALS

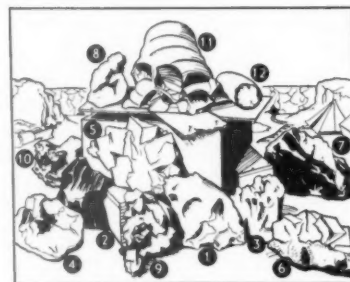
PAINTED BY TRISTRAM HILLIER



Minerals are literally substances dug from the earth by mining. FLINT (1) was the first substance mined in England 4,000 years ago, by New Stone Age miners in Norfolk, Wiltshire and Sussex. It gave man his first sharp axes for clearing the forests. Early man also fancied JET (2), a hard mineralized wood. Yorkshire jet was used for jewellery from prehistoric to Victorian times.

AMETHYST (3), and POTATO-STONES (4), fascinating when you break them and find the crystals inside, are two varieties of quartz. Cubes of FLUORSPAR (5 and 6) build up in delightful tints. Visitors to the Lizard in Cornwall know the polished ashtrays and model lighthouses cut from SERPENTINE (7).

Ores are worth searching for on old mine dumps. Cornish dumps may yield heavy scraps of CASSITERITE or TIN-STONE (8). GALENA, the commonest ore of lead, occurs sometimes with zinc ore (9), sometimes with barytes or "cawk", as they call it in Derbyshire (10), KIDNEY ORE (11) is an unmistakable form of iron ore. "THUNDERBOLTS" (12), which you can pick out of chalk cliffs and quarries and admire for their radiating structure, are a form of iron sulphide or pyrites.



You can be sure of



The Key to the Countryside

Shell's monthly "Nature Studies: Birds and Beasts", which gave so many people pleasure last year, is being published in book form by Phoenix House Limited at 7s. The Shell Guide to "Flowers of the Countryside" is still available at 6s. 6d. On sale at booksellers.

A

every day

E

every way

I

**JUNE
2**

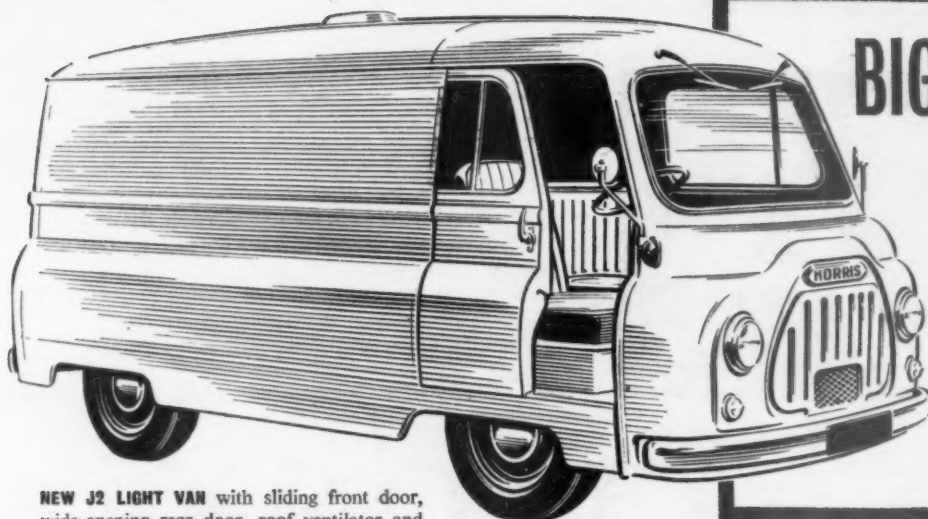
BATH AND WEST SHOW. 'Leading pigs exhibited in all classes of Large Whites,' reports the Farmers Weekly, 'showed good type, with length, clean shoulders and well filled hams.' Such pigs, when small, are reared under B.T.H., Metrovick or Ediswan infra-red heaters. On the farm, machinery is powered by electric motors, cowsheds lit by Mazda and milk cooled by Coldrator. Tractor batteries are made by Ediswan and Birlec heat treatment hardens the ploughshare.

**JUNE
3**

THIRD CLASS TRAVEL. Third class travel is abolished as from today and the days of the steam train itself are numbered. As part of the plan for the modernisation of British Railways important orders have been placed with Metropolitan-Vickers and B.T.H. for diesel electric locomotives and power equipment.

**JUNE
4**

CYPRUS. Field Marshal Sir John Harding, the Governor, returned to London last night in one of the many aircraft of transport command to be fitted with B.T.H. magnetos and invertors. Cyprus relies almost entirely on electricity generated and distributed by Metropolitan-Vickers equipment, while Siemens Brothers have supplied the bulk of the trunk telephone equipment on the island.



**BIG NEWS
FOR
ALL
USERS**

NEW J2 LIGHT VAN with sliding front door, wide-opening rear door, roof ventilator and full-drop windows. **£478** plus £76.13.6 P.T.

A GREAT NEW

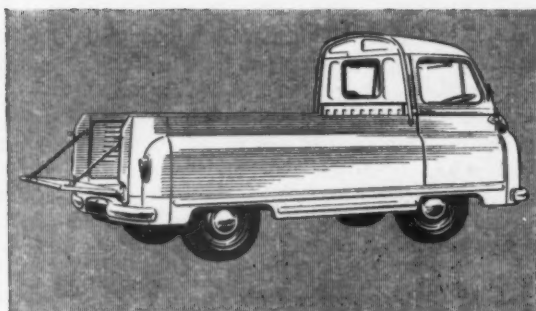
MORRIS

IN THREE BODY STYLES

One vehicle, three versions—all packed with **NEW** outstanding features that give you more, much more, for your money. That's the new series of Morris J2 Type vehicles. Greater strength. Greater payload. Greater comfort. Plus Morris reliability, the greatest feature of all. Find out all about them **NOW**—and profit by it.

MORE VALUE-FOR-MONEY FEATURES

- ★ Reinforced all round for strong, long life.
- ★ Entrance forward of front wheels. Doors sliding outside wheel arches.
- ★ Low loading line, ribbed floor.
- ★ Steering column gear shift.
- ★ Tubeless tyres.
- ★ Fully forward control.



NEW J2 LIGHT PICK-UP with hinged tailboard, ribbed floor and sturdy cab. Provision for tilt an optional extra.
From **£469.10.0** plus £76.13.6 P.T.

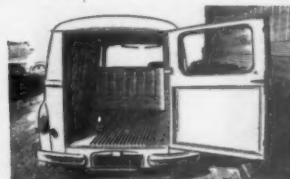
INCREASED PAYLOAD

200 cu. ft. capacity (van) with minimum overall length and practically 50/50 weight distribution over both axles.



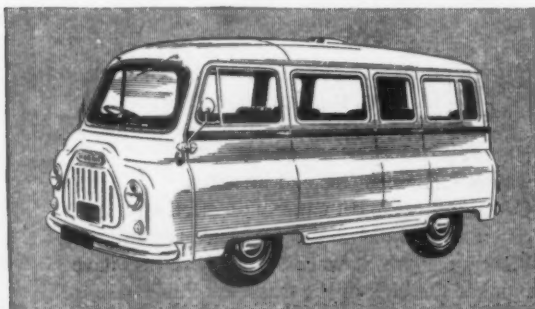
CAR COMFORT

Excellent driving and parking vision, clear instrument panel, foam rubber seats, provision for heater, demister and radio.



made to measure to your requirements by

MORRIS



NEW J2 MINIBUS with 12 passenger seats, 3 side doors and 1 rear door, safety glass all round. **£625**



MORRIS COMMERCIAL CARS LTD., ADDERLEY PARK, BIRMINGHAM, 8
Overseas Business: Nuffield Exports Ltd., Oxford and 41 Piccadilly, London, W.1.

PUNCH



CHARIVARIA

STUDENTS of the industrial scene have noted with pleasure that some of the lesser-known unions are getting a bit of limelight at last; they were tiring of the antics of the N.U.M., E.T.U., N.U.R., and other performers who have seen their best days, and welcomed a crop of refreshing demands by the National Union of Vehicle Builders and the National Union of Tailors and Garment Workers (the latter playing hell with the Shirt, Collar and Tie Manufacturers' Federation). The Fire Brigades Union have also relieved the monotony of the headlines, even if they did only demand the abolition of two-man hook ladder drill, and there has been a bright spark at Port Talbot, where the Joint Trades Union Craftsmen's Iron and Steel Committee has made difficulties about the repair of a slabbing mill motor. All the same, it is the old-established agitators who still come out with the best things from the platform, and it was a National Union of General and Municipal Workers spokesman who last week warned everyone that wage claims were bound to follow "failure by the Government to keep down the cost of living."

Honest Men of Them

MUNICIPAL authorities in Southend are said to be in high spirits over the present experiments, by Ministry of Fuel scientists, which may prove the



excellent combustible properties of Southend mud. It gives them an entirely honourable opportunity, after all this time, to admit the stuff's existence.

cc

From Our Lip-Reading Reporter

FUTURE biographers of the great will be on velvet, with the newspaper-files oozing recorded intimacies from bald patch to shoe-lace style. But the really fastidious fact-finder will be wise to use his own judgment sometimes: it would be unwise to rely, for instance, on the report that royal small-talk on the landing-stage at Stockholm "looked like inquiries about the health of absent relatives," when it may well have been the usual remark that there seemed to be more journalists than ever.

Any Rubber Bands?

WITH the issue of rubber bullets to the West Bengal police, reported in a New Delhi dispatch, the age of harmless warfare is practically here. In the next



international clash rubber tanks will be in resilient collision, rubber guns will fire rubber shells, rubber planes drop rubber bombs. What will chiefly charm is the quiet of it all.

Achtung!

LITTLE surprise was caused by Mr. Maudling's admission that German pilots have been visiting this country and testing R.A.F. Fighter Command aircraft. After all, it isn't the first time.

More Muddled Accountancy

ALL but one and a half million taxpayers—which is the estimated number of consumers in the South-Eastern Gas Board's area—are up in arms about the Board's decision not to increase the price of its gas. Why, they ask, should

they have to bear the Board's extra running expenses of £1,000,000 for costlier coal and £900,000 for higher wages, when any right-minded nationalized industry would pass these on to the consumer in the proper manner?

Machine Out of Order

Is automation a flop after all? Middle-class hopes were rudely dashed



by the announcement that, in spite of it, 30,000 more people were at work in April than in March.

Hitting Out

THOSE who have been wondering when the Monopolies Commission would get to grips with financial skulduggery in high places are handsomely rewarded by the report recently published. This exposes a vicious conspiracy by the Hard Fibre Cordage Federation to fix rope prices.

No Gratitude

AFTER the latest revival of Argentina's national pastime, in which four thousand Peronista supporters shot up key-points in Buenos Aires and Santa Rosa, President Aramburu described the affair as a "welcome incident" which had renewed the nation's "faith, courage and patriotism." It seemed rather shortsighted to discourage further beneficial moves of this kind by adding that the ring-leaders and thirty-three rebels had been executed.

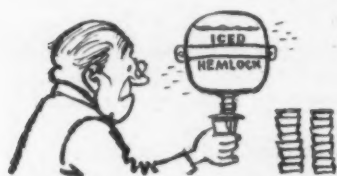
Next, U.S.S.R. Know-How

SUGGESTIONS that the Karl Marx tomb should be removed from Highgate

to Moscow, where it belongs, have found little favour with long-sighted Treasury officials. The world's financial axis is subtly shifting: it is important to retain any potential rouble-earning assets.

Short Cut

SOME sympathy will be felt for Professor Piatt, tutor in philosophy at the University of California, sued for £3,570 damages by a lady whose nose he punched after an argument over



Socrates and Plato. If he loses the case his task of finding the damages will be tough enough, to say nothing of meeting the demands of students to have their tuition fees back.

Little Brother

NEWS that a detachment of R.A.F. observers will be in the grandstand at the forthcoming Soviet air display has given equal satisfaction to both American delegates and Russian hosts. What might have become a regrettable scene of bragging and biceps-flexing between the giants can now pass off with good-natured grins and winks over our Vice-Chief of Air Staff's head.

Something, Anyway

MR. WEDGWOOD BENN, who wrote as a private person to fourteen Government departments in an attempt to discover what sort of treatment the ordinary citizen was receiving from civil servants, told the House of Commons that the letter he sent to the Home Office was returned with tea stains on it. At least it was proof of delivery.

In Vino VeriTass

YOUR heir, said Horace, once you're in your grave,

Knocks back your wine; and that is bad enough.

But how about Nikita? Newly brave,
He drinks the lot, then says "What rotten stuff!"

P. R. O. (S. S.)

A NUMBER of recent happenings all point to the desirability of appointing a full-time public relations officer for the Secret and Security Services, to be known as the P.R.O.(S.S.). He would be available for television and radio programmes, and for dealing with press and other inquiries. It would obviously be appropriate that his name should not be known, and that for all public appearances his face should be masked; but there is no reason why this should hamper his activities. Most people, on the whole, would rather not know the names or recognize the faces of the public relations officers with whom they deal. This is no reflection on the social gifts or personal appearance of P.R.O.s. It is just how things are.

As for the location of the P.R.O.(S.S.)—he would clearly need a cover address and an unlisted telephone number. Otherwise there would be Official Secrets trouble. The saving of time, effort and general irritation would be considerable. When, say, a Foreign Office official disappears over the Iron Curtain, or a frogman dies, or someone in the detergents business gets fired on security grounds, instead of innumerable telephone calls there would be just one. And what a convenience for everyone concerned for there to be a single centralized source of non-information, instead of, as now, numerous scattered sources.

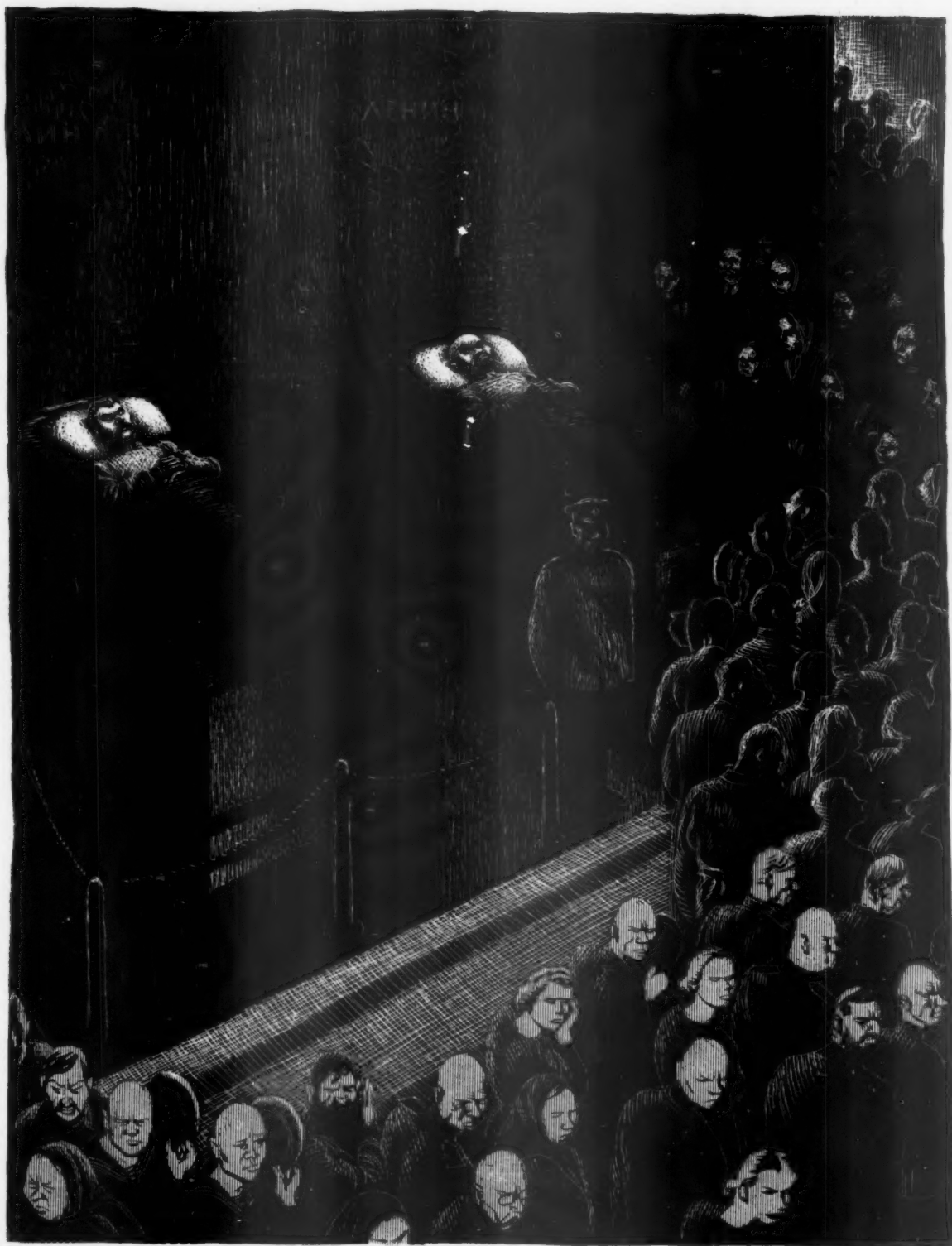
Such an arrangement would bring the Secret and Security Services into line with contemporary democratic practice. The public is entitled to know how these services work, and something about the personalities, salaries, etc., of their personnel. Of course, for obvious reasons, no actual facts would be disclosed, but a clever P.R.O.(S.S.) would be able to pass on a lot of interesting and helpful non-information of great utility to special reporters and gossip and feature writers, as well as helping the B.B.C. and the I.T.V. to put on lively and objective surveys and discussion programmes dealing with security matters.

Another of the duties of the P.R.O.(S.S.) would be to help sort out personal problems in this field. Here he might well seek the co-operation of Mr. Lustgarten and Miss Edana Romney. A man, X, is troubled because his wife has taken to reading Marx, Engels and the early writings of Earl Attlee. Ought he to report this to his boss (the office at which he works receives all the communiqués from the Home Office and the Service Departments) or to try to switch his wife on to reading the *Observer* or *Time and Tide*? Another man, Y, who works in the Colonial Office, falls in love with a girl, Z, who knows a West African at an Agricultural College. Ought Y to get the West African screened before marrying Z? Or should he marry Z and then try to recruit her as a double agent? Such problems are likely to arise with increasing frequency. In the end it will doubtless be necessary to set up Security Guidance Clinics all over the country. Meanwhile, the appointment of a P.R.O.(S.S.) would be a step in the right direction. M. M.



"Sir,—The warm weather has given us a fine preview of this year's Summer fashions . . . They are very pretty but I must say as a mere male that they seem to me most unsuitable for business wear . . . Girls in my office have been wearing low-cut, sleeveless and backless dresses with skirts so wide that they have to go through a narrow doorway sideways . . . One hardly knows whether to invite these young ballerina girls to take a letter or to dance the Mambo . . . Old fogey I may be . . ."
Reader's letter in "The Star"

You may be, but watch those impulses.



Agonizing Reappraisals

By CLAUD COCKBURN

COMMENTING yesterday on the brawls which marred both Matins and Evensong at St. Luke's, Morrison Avenue, Blessing, on Sunday, J. J. Pytchley-Hurst, balding, energetic Vicar of Blessing, said that he found the attitude of some members of his congregation difficult to understand.

Taking as his text the statement "Blessed are the meek for they shall inherit the earth" he had naturally devoted his sermon to the subject of Mr. Khrushchev's speech on Stalin and Stalinism.

"I am in fairly close touch," he said, "with local opinion, and I was well aware that no one in this parish—no one so far as I am aware in the whole country—wants to hear anyone talk about anything else. Admittedly I was not fully conscious of the strength of feeling involved, nor prepared for the fact that General Games, formerly of the Indian Army and prospective Conservative candidate for our Division, considered any slur upon Stalin—whom he has long regarded as a model man—as a personal insult."

According to the Vicar, General Games had three times risen in his pew to dispute certain passages which the Vicar was quoting from the speech of what the General chose to describe as "this jumped-up Ukrainian wine-bibber."

On requesting the General to restrain

himself, the Vicar was shouted down by a strong bloc of Personality Cultists and Trotskyists, the latter demanding why they could not get rehabilitated like everyone else.

Partly as a result of these interruptions there had been time, at Matins, to read only about eleven thousand of the twenty-five-thousand-word text of the Khrushchev statement, and the trouble at Evensong arose when a majority of the congregation demanded that the more conventional portions of the Service be cut so as to permit a full reading and discussion of the remainder.

The Vicar refused—but, as the Archbishop of Canterbury is said to have remarked to the Chief Rabbi at the Lambeth Palace Garden Party, "If the Churches don't offer a platform for the discussion of internal Soviet politics, how can we hope to keep them filled? Pytchley-Hurst should be deported in the interests of goodwill and security."

A lightning tour of the Khrushchev front this week showed the British people, with its customary alertness, already fully aware of the implications of the speech and the perspectives thereby opened out—"New Times, New Measures," as Mr. Dutt of the British Communist Party put it in the heading to an article on the subject.

Appearing at Clerkenwell Police Court on a charge of being drunk and disorderly, Arthur Gaits, described as a

Thinker's Mate, of no fixed address' said that he had "got chatting" about "Stalin and all that class of caper" and had happened to pass the remark that in his opinion people were being unfair to Beria.

After an altercation in which someone kept shouting "Give me Malenkov or give me death!" it was agreed in the interests of peaceful co-existence to drink to the good health of all survivors while passing votes of sincerest condolence with those whose health suffered irreparable damage during the period now happily at an end.

After that he remembered nothing until he found himself fighting in the street with a policeman.

"I was under the impression," he said in court, "that he was the man who shot Kirov. I wanted him to confess."

To the divorce courts, too, the Khrushchev document brought a refreshing new look.

Some months ago, it will be recalled, an allegedly erring wife said that the man had only been there at two in the morning because she was mortally afraid of thunder and did not care to be alone when a storm was in progress. And, more recently, a man cited as co-respondent and questioned as to why he was in Mrs. So-and-So's bedroom, replied that he had gone there "to repair a bicycle."

Valid enough in their day, no doubt, these explanations of actions which might otherwise give rise to suspicion have now been superseded, rendered otiose.

From now on, anyone who is in anyone else's bedroom at two in the morning is there because he or she cannot wait another minute to read to him or her a hitherto insufficiently noted passage in the Khrushchev speech, or to bring up a new point about the globe with the aid of which Stalin either did or did not fight the battle of Stalingrad, during which, as everyone knows, he was either in full command of the operations or else cowering in the back room watching an old movie showing Trotsky cowering in a back room right through 1917.

Well-informed surveys of British political opinion following publication of Khrushchev's utterances about the





"J. Bloggs & Co., Army Surplus. Saw the news of the 1,200,000 cut-back and hopped the first plane."

Stalin régime disclosed a state of clear-thinking on all sides.

Labour politicians took the view that since they have been denouncing Stalin for years, Khrushchev must be right, except that, on the other hand, since Khrushchev was so abominably rude to them when they were abominably rude to him at dinner, he is the sort of man who must be wrong.

"Must be a trick somewhere," a Transport House spokesman said in a forthright statement of policy.

Conservatives were sharply divided between those who said "If Joe Stalin was such a damn fool as all that, what does that make Winston Churchill and Beaverbrook?" and those who have had a warm, confident feeling about dear old Nikita Khrushchev since he told Gaitskell where he got off.

Communists, in a spirit of uninhibited democracy, took several views at once.

While admitting that some people felt

confused and even a little unhappy—they had sent him some letters to say so—leading thinker R. P. Dutt, in the article already referred to, took the view that everything is absolutely fine, and if it isn't, any little unpleasantness there may at any time have been was the fault of the police. They "got out of hand" and shot a lot of people who were only trying to get on with their work.

"It was pain and anguish during the 'twenties," writes Mr. Dutt, "to see that goodly company, as it had seemed at the time, which had led the first victorious socialist revolution, break up in mortal division, with successive factional fights led against the party, until the unity of the steadfast leaders around Stalin saved the party."

So that was O.K.

But then, unfortunately, "It was no less pain and anguish during the 'thirties to see so many dear friends and comrades, some of whom, like Bela Kun, have

since been cleared of their sentences, revealed and proclaimed as traitors and enemy agents, until the movement seemed honeycombed with treasonable corruption."

(A man who claims to have got through to the spirit of Bela Kun on the ouija board states that Bela Kun, who had hitherto been considerably bothered about getting wrongfully shot in that way, is now very happy to have been "cleared of his sentence." He sent a special message to Mr. Dutt saying "Wish you were here.")

As Mr. Dutt points out, it is now perfectly clear that the party was "not seething with traitors and agents, that it was, on the contrary, the security organs that had got out of hand and gone wrong."

It seems likely, in fact, that Stalin not only knew nothing about the Army, as disclosed by Khrushchev, but nothing about what the cops were up to either. A blameless if lonely existence.

Sing-Sing, W.C.2

By CHARLES REID

WHEN Lord Waverley, who was once Chancellor of the Exchequer and knows the difference, just about, between B flat and a bill of lading, pleaded in Covent Garden's name at an elating press conference the other day for another £100,000 a year of State subsidy, I upped and asked, Was the Royal Opera so deep in the red, sir, that it couldn't afford a roof and back-door for Hunding in *Walküre*, Act 1? Lord Waverley made a charming noise and said that was a question for the producer. As the producer wasn't around I resumed my gilded seat, tried not to bite my nails and scabbled in the files of memory.

Again I saw Leslie Boosey facing me across his administrative desk. Mr. Boosey is a clerky man, pale and pensive. He has much to be pensive about. He had a father who sold a million sheet-music copies of "The Holy City" in America in one year and did nearly as well out of the "Indian Love Lyrics." Mr. Boosey picked up a piece of string, rigged a cat's cradle and supposed that, as post-war leaseholders at Covent Garden, his firm lost forty or fifty thousand pounds in five years. I clucked my condolences. They were misplaced. Mr. Boosey believes with trembling fervour in the late Albert Einstein, and what is fifty thousand pounds more or less to a man who believes like that? He looked at me over gyved fingers, his eyes small and patient behind power lenses, and explained.

"Einstein is wonderful. He has given us a new key to business, life in general

and the universe. We now know that BETTER TO GIVE THAN RECEIVE is good metaphysics. And therefore good ethics. You cannot *take* because the world is, in a sense, a reflection. If you take from the reflection you are taking from yourself. You've *got* to give because you are giving to yourself. Simple."

I listened to this, and more, with my head skewed like an intelligent dog who is trying hard but knows when he is intellectually licked.

Memory hopped a branch. This time I saw an Indian baroque sofa at the Viscomtesse de Noaille's Paris house one Sunday morning. On it, elbow to elbow, jotting pads on their knees, sat Salvador Dali and Peter Brook. This was around the time Mr. Dali came down to breakfast more often than not with a rose in his nostril, but this day he was wearing his nostrils neat. Mr. Brook was ambushed as usual behind his eyebrows and tinkled with continuous enthusiasm like the bell of a thriving sweetshop. He and Dali were hatching their *Salome*.

Don't give me, Mr. Brook joshed Mr. Dali, a design of three headless dogs and two lemons suspended over a broken-down taxi. Mr. Dali's eyes gleamed phosphorescently at the thought, but he lugged himself out of temptation with a psychic plop. The two of them took a deep, happy plunge into the central problem. How serve up John the Baptist's head? You could always, said Mr. Dali, have a man in black against a black velvet curtain with only his head and naked feet showing, so that his head would seem borne aloft by a flight of doves. Mr. Brook concurred, then had another thought. Why not, he said, raise an impaled head from the depths on a long pole, then have a tremendous flood of blood welling over the whole set, with the head afloat on it? All you needed for this trick was a billowing membrane of pneumatic rubber. Like life, as seen by Mr. Boosey, the thing was simple.

These ideas would have made Strauss and von Hofmannsthal, his librettist, who had nothing like them in mind, start and stare like downwind stags. In the event the blood-and-dove ideas were dropped in favour of a kaleido-

scopic moon and self-act umbrella frames which, speaking for myself, a minority of one, were apt and fine. When the curtain went up at dress rehearsal, Karl Rankl gave an unbelieving, rimless stare, shouted "This scenery is monstrous. What would Strauss say if he were here? I doubt whether I can conduct with this stuff on the stage," and conducted just the same. This outburst by Mr. Rankl and first-night gallery boos which were selectively beamed at him have been kept bright and worn like medals by Mr. Brook ever since.

Other faces, other frustrations.

The small and, by nature, merry man, for instance, who gave Covent Garden a new name, Sing-Sing. "They put me down," he said, "to conduct a *Tosca*. First I knew about it was from a throwaway that came through the post for my wife. After that I put myself on the mailing list like any amphitheatre customer." Or take the emergency tenor who was paged to the telephone out of a Soccer crowd eighty miles away at 4.15 one Christmas afternoon for a *Lohengrin* at six.

"Cutting it rather fine, aren't you?"

"I'm sure you can make it."

"Fifteen years since I sang *Lohengrin* last. What language?"

"English."

"I know it only in German."

"Oh, don't bother about that."

Or, the venerable machinist, fugitive from Diamond Horseshoe days, who wrung crinkled, shiny hands over the new *Boris*. "You can fly the Prison, only an arch and a backcloth, in a twinkling. Brief blackout. Music goes on. But not here it don't. No, sir, not with them Coronation bells. Eighteen of 'em in a forty-foot by fourteen frame. Takes two minutes and a half, stopwatch timing, to get them bells rigged. The music's held up according. Chaliapin would have given 'em 'ell, sir, that 'e would."

And now this business of Hunding's hut. Government refuses the extra £100,000 and fobs the Garden off with a puny £20,000. That should be enough to pay Hunding a roof. I doubt whether it will run to a back-door as well. Contractors must do what they can. The lowest tender will be necessarily rejected.





Teen-Age Test

By LIONEL HALE

Entry into Senior School at 12-plus.

(An Examination Paper Designed to Take into Account the more Experienced Mentality of the Young Female Educand of To-day.)

ARITHMETIC AND SAVOIR-FAIRE

Time: 1½ Hours

(Candidates should attempt any or all of the questions.)

1. Eunice is drinking neat vodka, at twice the pace Yolande drinks neat gin. Harriet drinks whisky at the same pace as Eunice, but waters it in the proportion of 3 of whisky to 2 of soda-water. Yolande takes a drink every 10 minutes.

Assuming the party starts in the dormitory immediately after "Lights Out" (9.30 p.m.), at what time does the whisky run out?

(It should be calculated that there are

32 drinks to the bottle, and that Harriet drinks fair.)

2. Belinda's bath holds 15 gallons of water. The water runs in from the hot tap at the rate of ½ pint per second, and from the cold tap at the rate of 1 pint per second. (Belinda does not use the cold tap.) While the bath is filling, Belinda puts in ½ oz. of her mother's bath salts every 30 seconds.

Assuming that her mother's bath salts cost one guinea for 4 ozs., how much does Belinda's bath cost in bath salts?

3. Katrine enters and drives through a 5-mile-long built-up area at 65 m.p.h. Cressida enters and drives through the same area at 85 m.p.h. A police-car follows them at 90 m.p.h. All speeds are consistent.

All three cars arrive at the end of the

built-up area simultaneously, three abreast, with the police-car gonging furiously.

(a) If Katrine entered the area at 6 p.m., when did the police-car enter it?

(b) If Katrine is 16 years and 3 months old, and Cressida 16 years old exactly, how long does each have to wait to qualify for a driving test?

(c) If her pocket-money is 2/6d. weekly, how long will it take each girl to pay a fine of £50 and police costs of ten guineas?

4. Sophia has a good day at Epsom. On the calculation of £1 each way, assess her net profit on:

Saucy Hailsham (won at 100-8)

Flyweight Edith (placed at 5 to 4)

Arthritic Aussie (unplaced)



"The trouble is that making a loss on the farm for tax purposes now puts you up against the Min. of Ag."

Royal Eyewash (dead-heat second, 33—1).

Allow 10 per cent deduction on all winning investments as commission to gardener's boy, who laid the bets.

5. (For those answering 4 above.) If Sophia puts all her winnings on the Treble Chance, how many teams can she perm. at 6d. a line?

6. Little Susan-Jane is still very young, but shows initiative by selling strawberries by the road-side at 2/6d. per 1 lb. punnet. She picks these from her father's garden, but can only do so on nights when there is no moon.

Assuming that:

(a) There are 12 moonless nights in June,

(b) She can pick 250 strawberries a night, and eats 40 out of every 100 strawberries she picks,

(c) There are 20 strawberries in a 1 lb. punnet, and

(d) She doesn't get caught

how many times during June will little Susan-Jane be able to go to the cinema under her own steam, at 1/4d. a seat, reckoning 1 ice-cream at 6d. plus 2 nut-milk bars at 6d. each per cinema visit?

7. Claudia runs away from school to London, a distance of 193 miles.

She goes down the drainpipe at 7 a.m. She hitch-hikes 152 miles on lorries at an average speed of 45 m.p.h., covers 25 miles at "Scout's Pace" of 8 m.p.h., and walks the rest at 3 m.p.h.

Will she be in time for dinner at the Omega at 8 p.m.? If so, how much time has she for changing into evening dress, make-up, etc.?

8. Jennifer's aunt is an interior decorator on the shady side of Knightsbridge. She is invited by old Lady Cloister to decorate a room 30 ft. by 25 ft. by 14 ft. 6 ins., in plain whitewash, with white net curtains.

She submits her bill for:

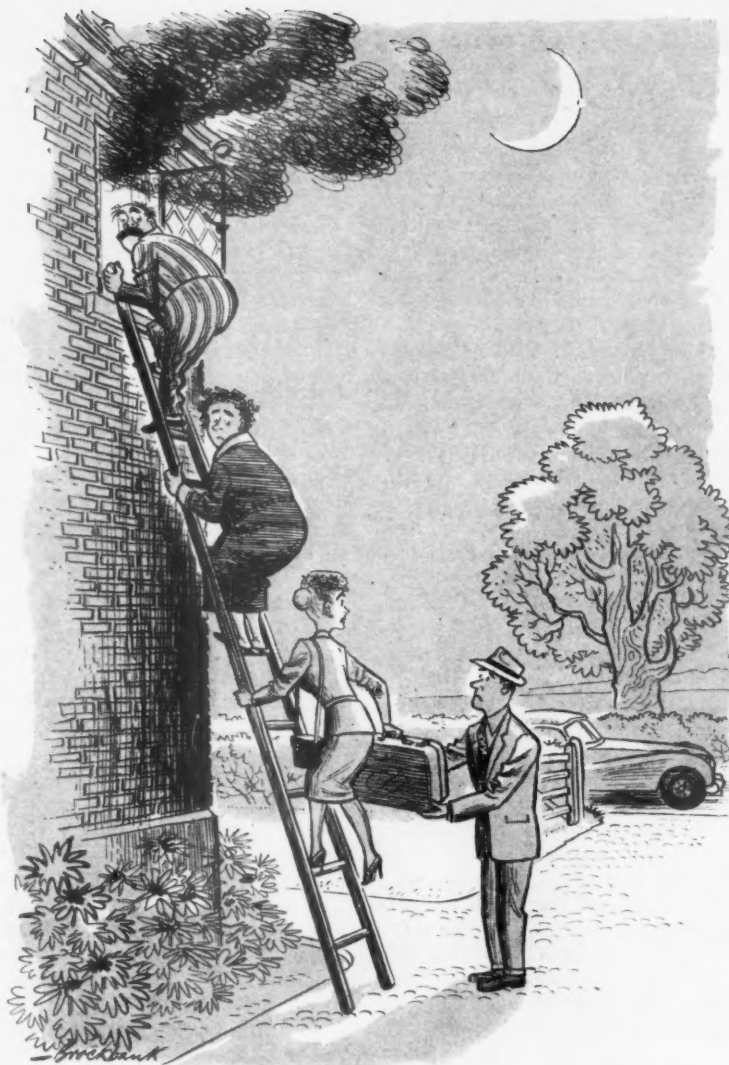
62 pieces of Lily Luxe wallpaper, at £5 a piece

14 gallons finest Hyacinth-blue un-washable egg-shell distemper at £5 15s. 0d. per gallon

70 yards curtain material (fleur-de-lys on gold brocade) at £12 per yard.

Jennifer's aunt adds an item of "One Hundred Guineas" for "Consultation," and totals her bill at £1,835 10s. 0d.

If Lady Cloister can add, will she pay it? (Do not deduct .08 per cent for brokerage.)



Annual Eclipse

WHEN the first sunbeam with its feeble light
Contrives to pierce the gloom of winter skies,
Kings, princes, actresses all take affright
And to the world present black discs for eyes.
Their photographs we see, their names know well—
But which of them is which? We cannot tell.

We, too, resort abroad to view the scene.

Meekly subservient to fashion's trends,
We scorn the summer's vulgar gold and green,

With winter fogs upon our noses' ends:
And so we live and move and have our being,
Through glasses darkly, neither seen nor seeing.

W. S. SLATER

Two Elizabethans

By MAURICE WILTSHIRE

(Extracts from a paper read to the Royal Society of Arts by Mr. Lonsdale Bladderwrack, President of the Noël Society, on August 22, A.D. 2256)

ALLOW me to set before you the evidence on which our society is able to assert with such absolute conviction that the theatrical plays of that nebulous Elizabethan figure, Terence Rattigan, were in reality the work not of himself but of his great contemporary, Noël Coward.

Who was Rattigan? The school-books tell us that he was the brilliant son of the British Minister to Rumania, was educated at Harrow and Trinity College, Oxford, and served gallantly in the second European civil war as an aerial gunner.

So much for theory. Now let us look at some facts. Positive evidence was discovered a few years ago by workmen excavating the site of the old Criterion Theatre in the shape of a pair of grey flannel trousers in one pocket of which was found a receipt: "R'd from T. Rattigan arrears of union dues 15/6—S'd N. Atke" (or Askey or possibly Atkins). A faded label established these garments as having been tailored by Jno. Hannigan of Connemara and the hip pocket contained the return half of a ticket to Fishguard.

Gentlemen, I put it to you. How could a raw-boned scene-shifter from one of the then most backward parts of Ireland know sufficient of Court matters to write *The Sleeping Prince*? The answer is unequivocal.

Who then is the rightful author of

these plays, considered the finest works of English drama since those of Christopher Marlowe? Our case that it was Noël Coward is a formidable one. Let us look first at some curious evidence supplied by the dates on which the plays of Coward and those of "Rattigan" appeared.

French Without Tears was produced at the Criterion (where the trousers were found) in 1936. It bore the name of "Rattigan." In that year Coward, a prolific and versatile dramatist, wrote nothing. Then in 1942 Coward produced *Present Laughter*. But the "pen" of "Rattigan" was silent! Only an ostrich would dispute the significance of facts like these . . .

Apart from blatant clues in the texts of the works themselves—(compare Coward's "Very flat, Norfolk"—*Private Lives*, with Rattigan's "The company that owns this hotel has two others, one in St. John's Wood and the other in West Kensington"—*Separate Tables*)—there yet remain the questions of motive and opportunity.

First consider opportunity. There are certain odd hiatuses in the life of Noël Coward which, due to the demise of the English theatre in 1970 and subsequent carelessness with the records, can only be satisfactorily explained in terms of Noëlism. It is common ground that in 1936 Coward said "You can expect nothing more from

me—plays, acting or production—for at least two years." He was as good as his word. In fact, with the exception of *Operette*, he wrote nothing under his own name until 1941 (*Blithe Spirit*).

But is it not odd that in those five years there appeared no fewer than three plays bearing the imprint of "Terence Rattigan"?

Again, the movements of Coward during this period were enigmatic. He travelled a lot. In 1939 he was reported in Honolulu. In the July he was seen with Colonel Beck in Warsaw and later the same month with a different colonel in Danzig. In the August he was observed to buy a cigar in Scandinavia. After the outbreak of war we hear of him singing in the ring of the Cirque Medrano, Paris, dissembling himself as a secret agent.

Consummate actor that he was, he convinced the world he was on a vital diplomatic mission. He was influential enough to swear the whole of British officialdom to secrecy. Every inquiry concerning his whereabouts was met with a blank wall of disavowal—"He has nothing to do with us"—Foreign Office; "We have nothing to do with him"—The Admiralty; "We know nothing of any mission"—H.M. Tennent Ltd.

What was the true reason for these and later absences from these shores? The answer to this question shines like a searchlight from the printed page of any history of those sorry times that you may care to read. Shifts of power, together with intrigue in circles close to the very fringe of Parliament itself had contrived to place Britain under the iron domination of the very men who were Coward's sworn enemies. In 1956, standing off Plymouth in a foreign vessel, he said "I just dare not set foot in England for fear the income tax people get me."

There is the motive then. Knowing that he was reaching the height of his powers, that his rewards would be greater and the avarice of his foes keener, he flew the country and wrote from afar under a name borrowed from a young Irish stage hand whom he can scarcely have known.



How they were smuggled into the country we do not know, but that these plays which bore the name of Terence Rattigan were by the hand of Noël Coward is now beyond all doubt. And for the final glorious revelation we can apply to Coward himself. Realizing that if his fortunes were to improve he would need friends who recognized his work as being his own, he devised a cipher—a sign that meant nothing to his enemies and hardly anything to his friends, unless they had the key.

What he did was to place two dots over the E of his Christian name—a dieresis, thus: Noël. Now, after centuries, this cipher has been deciphered and the truth stands naked in all its simple beauty.

Work it out for yourselves, gentlemen. If one gives alphabetical numerical value to the word DIERESIS one gets the sequence 4-9-5-18-5-19-9-19. And if one does the same to the word TERENCE one gets 20-5-18-5-14-3-5. Now let us give each digit in these two sequences its individual letter value—(i.e. 4 will be D again, but 18 will be AH). We then find the first sequence becomes DIEAHEAIIAI and the second BEAHEADCE.

Cancel out the letters which appear in both sequences and we have the following single sequence left: BCEIIIAI.

Note those letters well. They are the initial letters of a sentence which, when minds are cleared of prejudice, will shake the world to its foundations. The sentence reads: "BETTER COLLECT EVIDENCE INSTANTLY INCASE I ACHIEVE IMMORTALITY."

To all fair-minded persons our case must stand proven. But we Noëlilians will never rest until we have doubly and trebly proved it. In fact we shall never be able to prove it convincingly enough. Consequently we have sought permission to open the tomb of Sir Hugh Beaumont in the confident expectation that we shall find buried therein the original MS of *The Winslow Boy* written in the unmistakable hand of Noël Coward. We also expect to find heaps of other stuff by contemporary playwrights that never saw the light of day.

"FLAT INTRUDER FELL FROM WALL."
West London Press

Walkover for Yardmen



"Lack of calcium, I shouldn't wonder"

Allan Quatermass

(H. Rider Haggard. Born June 22, 1856)

HOW old I grow. How short a time it seems
Since gold was goal enough for vagrancy,
And Africa was dark and full of dreams
And unbedevilled by democracy.

Vast forests bloomed with spears while sentries slept.
Strange fires burned barren mountains. Evil ones
Practised old arts. Nothing was safe except
To English gentlemen with German guns,

Who read old charts in London clubs, and thence
Set out in threes to milk the unforeseen,
Urged on with an immeasurable sense
Of what was due to subjects of the Queen.

But now terrestrial knowledge, near complete,
Offers the undefined no resting-place.
The furthest frontiers of our dreams retreat
Beyond the world's edge into safer space.

Explorers are less polished than of old,
Less English and less certain of their aim.
Mars has more menace. Names are shorter, gold
Out-moded. But the dream is still the same.

The wealth is vast, the natives hardly human.
Beyond the veil, lapped in unnatural light,
Stands She, who every inch is perfect woman
And against all the odds completely white.

P. M. HUBBARD

Friends, Americans, Countrymen

By LORD KINROSS

WASHINGTON

BIG Brother Lincoln, a seated Zeus, and Big Brother Jefferson, a standing Apollo, look out, twenty feet high, from their respective classical temples, their orations incised in the marble walls around them. Big Brother Washington's disembodied eyes look down from the points of a giant Pharaonic obelisk (555½ feet high, one elevator). Beneath them stretch the Elysian lawns and avenues of a spacious, French-planned city. Here are Roman palaces, ornate with the symbols of an imperial bureaucracy; ornamental waters shaded by trees—the immemorial but still middle-sized elms of the Homeland, a grove of barren but blossoming cherries, the gift of a Japanese mayor. Here are miles of parks where, such is the industry of Washington's sons, hardly a citizen strolls or reclines.

On the Capitoline hill, beneath a Pantheonic dome and an eagle for a skylight—"the light that never fails"—the leading citizens deliberate. Senators, two by two at their desks like classmates, answer a roll-call from a dais with a marble desk and a tilting leather throne. Congressmen rise to address their House from a lectern, reading into a microphone and to a recorder who hovers beside them, scribbling alertly in a shorthand notebook. Pages circulate freely among them—brisk, blue-suited boys, strolling at ease through the Chamber, lounging like prefects in leather armchairs by the Bar, serving draughts of cold water in cardboard cups, answering telephones on the steps of the Throne. In the Supreme Court, says the cynical Congressman, they write the judgments.

In and out of the galleries flow waves

of citizens, milk-fed youths and girls, white-skinned or black, clad as brightly as birds in ballerina skirts and shirts of many colours. Freemen all, great-grandsons and great-granddaughters of the American Revolution, with cameras around necks and bangles around wrists, badges and fetishes on chests, and gum in mouths, they look and listen intently, then at a sign from their guide ebb obediently away.

This, he instructs them, is no mere exhibition, but the Shrine of our Liberty. Lest they obstruct Senators or Congressmen, let them form column of twos; and thus in orderly fashion they progress through the marble halls, admiring especially the paintings of an Italian artist who found his freedom here, three formidable American ladies carved from a marble block in the basement, and various traces of the burning of Washington and its capitol by the British. ("I knew we'd burned St. Joan," commented an ignorant Britisher, "but I never knew we'd burned him.")

Near by is America's best address, 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, the White House (under the British a Brown House). "A lovely old colonial home," it is adorned in Spartan simplicity with gilt and marble, containing a Blue Room, a Green Room, a Red Room, and a ballroom ("You sure could chase around here with a ball all right") with a piano with eagles for legs. (No smoking in the Mansion.) Here the Big and lesser Brethren have lived and reigned.

The business of Washington is politics. In the Chelsea-ish drawing-rooms of Georgian Georgetown all talk politics. Sun-bathing on Sundays over its exclusive slopes of grass, like corpses in a canvas by Hieronymos Bosch, they talk politics. At the fashionable, charitable United Cerebral Palsy Ball they talked politics. Only the birds in the trees of their leafy streets and gardens talk no politics. There must thus be some politics to talk. Hence shadow political battles. If Republican Ike is to be elected President, what Democrat is not to be?

The Opposition has thus put up, in hot opposition to each other, a pair of its own uncles, candidates both for



"Well, the Council seems to have settled the litter problem once and for all."

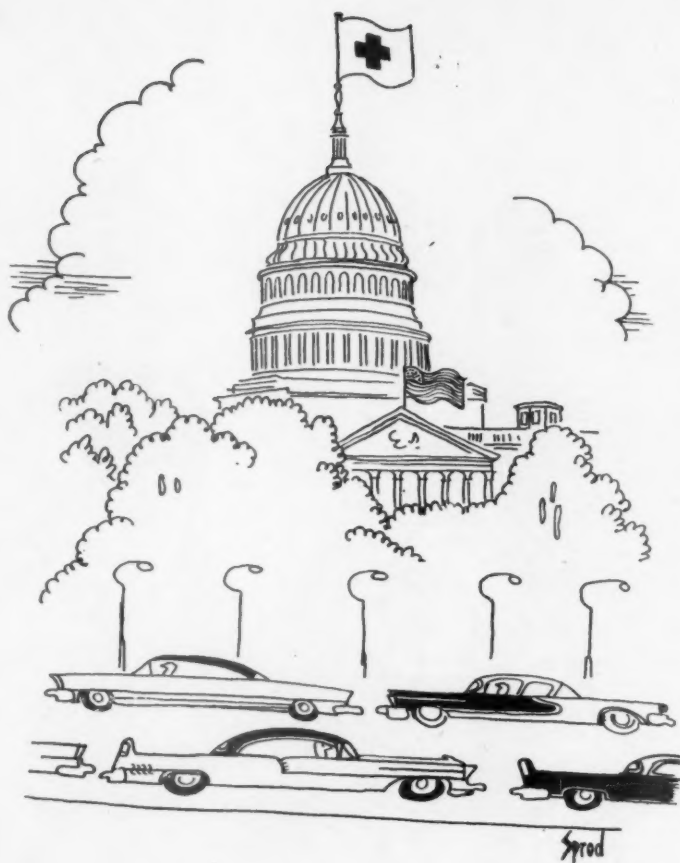
non-election. Democrat against Democrat, dog against dog, they battle fiercely in a Wonderland of primary elections: on the one hand a worried uncle named Adlai, who does not much want to be President and won't be; on the other a bland uncle named Kefauver, who very much wants to be President and won't be. Together, on the TV screen, they face the ordeal of an invisible audience of Washington drawing-rooms. And the Georgetown ladies worry away.

Uncle Adlai, their favourite, nervously tugging at the knot in his tie, has all the brains, hence few of the answers; Uncle Kefauver has all the answers, hence fewer brains. If only, they sigh, dear Uncle Adlai could contrive to be a little less intelligent, a little nastier to his Democratic colleague, a little less polite about his Republican enemies (Mr. Dulles, for example, "The Man with the Grey Flannel Mouth!"). If only he would bore people a little more, use a few more clichés, repeat himself more often, makes jokes against others instead of himself! If only he would look as though he were *enjoying* it! His ways were all right the first time he wasn't elected. But "You can't be a virgin twice."

Then, into the midst of this Wonderland, another star drops. Mr. Gaitskell appears on the TV screen. Meeting the Press in the guise of a Social Democrat, Continental style, he is fresh-faced as Ike, he wears a nice foulard tie, he smiles like a schoolboy, he has not too few yet not too many brains, he knows some but not all of the answers, he is polite, but not too polite, about Sir Anthony Eden. Sailing down a red carpet into "the world's largest suburban hotel," addressing a concourse of thousands of lady garment-workers, lady cleaners and dyers, lady laundrymen, all permanently waved and expectantly seated at blue silk table-cloths, beneath banners and exhortations (ORGANIZING IS EVERYBODY'S. END DISCRIMINATION. REGISTER AND VOTE) and Big Brother photographs of Union officials, Hollywood size, Mr. Gaitskell captures them all and becomes, to the scribbling pressmen, "the British Adlai."

"If only," sigh the ladies of Georgetown, "we had someone like *him* for President!"

And around them the birds laugh away in the trees.



The Old Familiar Bases

LEAFING through dusty atlases and text-books,
Well-thumbed companions of my distant schooldays,
I see, in red, the old familiar Bases.

Malta, Gibraltar, Aden, St. Helena,
Cyprus, Colombo, Hong Kong, Singapore . . .
All, all are there, the old familiar Bases.

The ports of call, the distant coaling stations,
Guardians of trade-routes, bane of local pirates,
I see them all, the old familiar Bases.

Once we were loved, the fairest among nations;
Glad were they then to see us at their door,
Glad to be near the old familiar Bases.

Once we had friends, companions in our labours;
Some, like an ingrate, left our side abruptly,
Left us to hold the old, familiar Bases.

And some have died, and others have departed,
Taken new names and newer modes of thought;
All, all are gone, the old familiar Races. E. V. MILNER

The New Mayhew—



—Two Foreign Men-at-Arms



PICCADILLY Circus and its immediate neighbourhood affords constant opportunity for observing some of the more colourful types of personage which grace our society. It was in this vicinity that I encountered the foreign men-at-arms whose portraits are here shown. They had divested themselves of their military uniforms for the duration of their furlough, and presented an appearance at once bizarre and melancholy. Their garments were of brighter hue than those commonly met with among our fellow-countrymen, yet by his demeanour I judged each to be a prey to dark thoughts and cynical forebodings.

Their neckties were encrusted with pictorial decoration, and each bore upon his right wrist a slender timepiece on a bracelet of gold. They had about their necks thin straps of leather from which depended pieces of photographic equipment, the lenses showing through circular apertures in the pig-skin carriers so that each man seemed to have, in the region of his *solar plexus*, an additional eye with a brooding, lacklustre expression.

They were not at first disposed to answer my questions, for they appeared to harbour the suspicion that I might belong to a revolutionary spy-ring. Indeed, the shorter of the two, who was plump and dark, uttered no word throughout the whole course of my interrogation, but continued to regard me, from beneath lowered lids, with an air at once speculative and menacing. The taller, whose flaxen hair was clipped close to his skull and who chewed continually without ever closing his mouth, told me that they were both citizens of the United States of America, and had no desire save to return there as early as possible.

"No, I got nothing against the British, I just can't understand them, that's all. I been trying now for six seven months and the way I figure, hell, I might as well give up."

He was born, he told me, in Connecticut, and his friend was Californian.

They were both aged twenty-two. They were stationed some hundred miles or so from London. The life of the camp they found pleasant enough. The natives there were friendly, although not inclined to "mix" very freely. There were exceptions to this, among the younger females of the neighbourhood: so much so, in fact, that the men-at-arms had been forced to the conclusion that the women of these islands are promiscuous to a degree. Whilst allowing that this state of affairs might be said to have certain social advantages, he was forthright in his disapproval of it on moral grounds. He was himself a strict Episcopalian. He also deplored the British practice of overcharging foreigners, citing cases of commissioned and non-commissioned officers of his acquaintance who, having rented a house or apartment, found that the ten or fifteen pounds a week which they were obliged to pay was three or four times more than the rental normally expected from a native.

"But they're polite about it, oh, sure. The way the British go about robbing you, it's a pleasure. You'd think they was doing you a favour until you start to figure it out. Hell, no, we ain't so well-heeled as all that. Sure, our pay ain't so bad, but it ain't so good either. You guys seem to think we all got oil-wells in our back pockets."

He and his companion were staying in a small hotel during their sojourn in the capital, and would adventure about the city each day, making a photographic record. Thus, they had obtained coloured photographs of the fountains in Trafalgar Square, a portion of St. Paul's, various equestrian statues which I was at a loss to identify, several shops, an omnibus, the sentries at Buckingham Palace, and other scenes of interest.

Again, for long periods, having chosen a convenient spot in a busy street, they would lean back against the wall and so survey the passing show. I obtained the following account of a typical evening:

"We bought peanuts at a barrow in Coventry Street, and then we leaned on this wall right here. After maybe twenty minutes we took a stroll. We went into Piccadilly Circus, up Sherwood Street, down Denman Street,

into Shaftesbury Avenue. We found a good place to lean right on the corner there, by a soda-fountain. No, we don't look for anything special when we lean. I guess we wait for something to happen. This is supposed to be a hell of an exciting place to be in, didn't you know? Then we went up Great Windmill Street, through Archer Street, up Rupert Street, along Winnett Street, into Wardour Street. We turned right there, and went down until we hit Gerrard Street. We went through there, turned into Newport Place, and along Lisle Street. We turned down Leicester Court, and turned right at the bottom. We crossed Cranbourn Street, went down Bear Street into Charing Cross Road, and leaned a bit more. We saw a poodle. We called out to the poodle, but it didn't stop. Then we sang a bit, but some guy looked at us as though we were causing a disturbance. So we went down Charing Cross Road and turned into Irving Street. We went across Leicester Square and had a peek at Shakespeare. Then we turned along New Coventry Street into Coventry Street. We finished up back here, and some dame had taken our leaning place. She was selling beads. So we went back to the hotel. Boy, that was some evening."

Although they were teetotal they agreed to accompany me, after some hesitation, to a comfortable tavern. Here presently each showed me a photograph of his mother, and conversation became easier, so that I learned a good deal about Connecticut and California. They were young, and had a great capacity for happiness. Its pursuit, however, at what we are inclined to regard as the centre of the world, can evidently lead to bitterness and despair.

ALEX ATKINSON

"The Life story of
JACKIE GLEASON

The tragic facts, never before told, of the torment behind a comedy genius who earns \$3,000,000 a year . . .

The Catholic in him fights gluttony, lust, and doubt . . .

The moralist fights the playboy . . .

The clown fights loneliness and fear of death . . ."—Look

Anything fighting that \$3,000,000 a year?

Prolegomena to any Popular Song

By DAVID GWYNNE

"... and graduates are being forced into spare-time work for which they are temperamentally and intellectually unfitted."—Letter to daily newspaper.

"MY first lyric," said the Ph.D., "is based on Kant's Categorical Imperative... 'Act so that all your actions may be taken as a universal law for all mankind in the same situation.' I feel I have achieved a valid contemporary restatement. These first lines establish the mood.

*Do it once—do it always,
That's the way it's got to be."*

"Not 'got to,'" said the M.A. "Gotta,"... more vehement."

"Very well," said the Ph.D. "That's the way it's GOTTA be, and the next lines stress the degree of personal responsibility.

*If I'm true, folks'll do
The very same as me."*

"I like it," said the M.A. "It has... immediacy."

"And," said the Ph.D. doggedly, "it will help to promote conversation. 'Did you know,' some young man will say, 'that this lyric is based on Kant's Categorical Imperative?' and the girl will say 'My!...'"

"I happen," he added absently, "to be on speaking terms with my son again. I occasionally hear him prowling round the house singing. His opinion might be of some slight value."

He returned a few moments later. "Wilson's own particular favourite," he

reported, "seems to be a 'Skiddly eebo—rebo!' motif. Apparently he and his villainous friends are addicted to it."

"Nonsense verse," said the M.A., brightening. "Its gay inconsequentiality appeals to them perhaps..."

Occam's Razor, stubble, fluff!

Nietzsche, crieztsche, cultured stuff! ending possibly with

Skiddly rebo—eebo..."

"Hardly," said the Ph.D. "I think we are being side-tracked by Wilson's bizarre tastes. There surely must be a dominant theme... intelligible."

"Who put the syn into thesis?" sang the M.A. gaily.

"I was thinking of something altogether more meaningful," said the Ph.D. "You may be familiar with the theory that since matter is limited it is only a question of time, granted eternity, before certain combinations of matter recur. Thus..."

Will it ever come again?

Commem.

Will I ever hold you in my arms again?

Commem."

"I think we should ask," said the M.A., "whether Wilson would like it."

The Ph.D. returned shaking his head. "He doesn't know what 'commem' is," he said sadly. "Nor, if he maintains his present rate of intellectual development, is he ever likely to find out."

"Then if he is typical," said the

M.A., "my little gimmick in excelsis is also out.

*Cogito ergo sum... in love with you,
Sum, cogito ergo... you'll be true."*

"I'm afraid so," said the Ph.D. "Incidentally, I have confined Wilson to the house for a while."

"I have another idea," said the M.A. "Why should not the music sheet bear a prose statement of the theme? Thus... Though Chivalry has a fine heritage, each ghostly knight errant points a finger of scorn at our adumbrative conception of the word. Mrs. Pankhurst harried it unmercifully, the flapper hastened its passing with sly kicks. Edward Boy has dispatched it... and from this elegant conceit..."

Grandpa did it better,

He knew the party line,

And grandmama enjoyed it when

He took her out to dine...?"

He waited.

"No," said the Ph.D., re-entering the room. "Wilson says 'So?' and suggests an 'oompah' or two."

"Do you think we are being too clever?" asked the M.A. "Too didactic. Perhaps something simple... Our courtships might help us..."

That first night of all,

The moonlight around you,

I'll never forget

That first night I found you...?"

"Wilson," said the Ph.D. purposefully, striding towards the door.

"Well?" asked the M.A. as he returned.

"He's moved. Very moved," said the Ph.D. "He's gone out into the garden... He said something about being alone..."

"I think, old man," said the M.A., "we should dream up a little melody to this ourselves. I couldn't bear to think of someone else meddling with it."

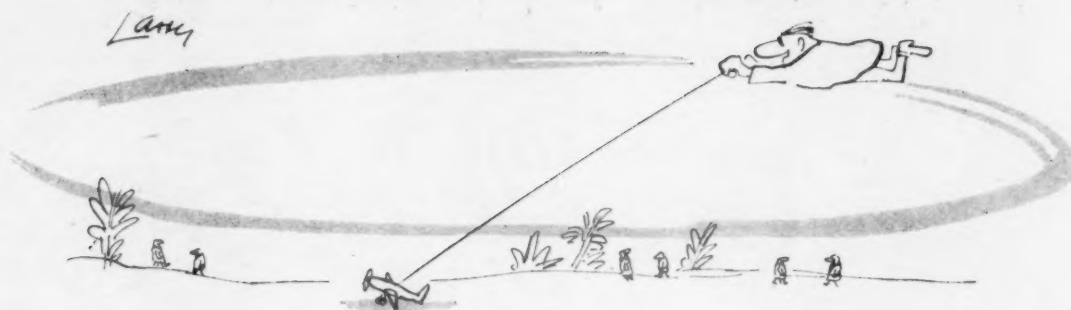
"I understand," said the Ph.D. gently. "I felt the same about my song-cycle for the seasons... Incidentally how much do they pay?"

"A royalties basis usually," said the M.A. "Though one might get twenty guineas advance."

"WILSON!" shouted the Ph.D. through the french windows, "you can have the striped tie... and I think we might have the other bar of the electric fire on, old man."



S/665



Everlastings

Three Weeks : Elinor Glyn

NOW this is an episode in a young man's life, and you who have forgotten the passions of youth may condemn it. But others, perhaps, will not.

Paul Verdayne was a young Englishman, rich of course, fair and strong, and for his mother, the Lady Henrietta Verdayne, a god among men!

That fall out hunting, and being laid up with a broken collar-bone, started the Isabella Waring affair. She was the parson's daughter—indeed still is—and used to come up to write Lady Henrietta's letters; which she did very well, if with a hand large and red.

And she would read the sporting papers to Paul, play piquet, wash his dog Pike, and one terrible day Paul unfortunately kissed the large pink lips of Isabella as his mother entered the room.

I will draw a veil over this.

When it lifts, everything is arranged for Paul to spend three months abroad for his health.

Under a dripping oak they made their adieux. Paul was six foot two and Isabella quite six foot, and broad in proportion.

"Good-bye, old chap," she said.

But Paul, who was feeling sentimental, replied: "Good-bye, darling, I shall never love any woman like you—never, never!"

II

"My dear Isabella,—I say—oh—I hate beginning like this. . . ."

Do you know Switzerland—you who read—do you know it in the beginning of May, a feast of blue lakes, and snow-peaks, and the divinest green of young

birches, and the sombre shadow of pines, and . . . at the next table the lady in black with tuberose and a red mouth, not pink like Isabella's, but red, red, red?

Paul swallowed his soup, while she toyed with some caviar.

She must be well over thirty.

Of her exquisitely chosen meal she hardly tasted, hardly drank, and Paul drained his third glass of port, and was starting on a fourth, when she dipped her fingers in rose-water and left.

What a figure she had, sinuous, supple, rounded, and yet very slight! "She must have the smallest possible bones," thought Paul, staring, "because it all looks curvy and soft, and yet she is as slender as a gazelle." Tall, too, if not quite so tall as—

The woman with the sinuous, sensuous black shape fired his thoughts as he sat on a damp bench cooling himself.

Suddenly a scent of tuberose filled the air, and from the ivy exactly above his head came a tender sigh.

Looking down at him were a pair of eyes. They paralyzed him, and then vanished.

Was he drunk, mad? What colour were they—black, blue, grey, or green? He didn't know. They were eyes.

The letter to Isabella remained unfinished.

III

She was not at lunch. He roamed under the trees of the Burgenstock, and presently rested. Really it was much jollier than Paris, and if he had Pike he thought he could be quite happy.

But what was that rustle in the leaves above him? She again, in her black hat

with the long black veil, peeping from the tender green of young beeches!

He felt a pulse in his throat. He knew he was looking into her eyes, and thought they were green.

Then she was gone.

Hither and thither he rushed, before catching a glimpse of her in the *funiculaire* descending. Paul had learnt a number of swear-words at Eton and Oxford, and he let the trees hear most of them.

That night her table was laid, with giant carnations, but where was she?

Who was she? Not a *demi-mondaine*, though such, he knew, could be quite *grande dame*, and even travel *en prince*.

He sat on the bench under the ivy. But in the starlight all was darkness and silence.

IV

Such a nice letter from Isabella, all about horses and Pike. And he set off to climb the Rigi.

When he came in she was just dipping her fingers in rose-water, and swept by him, her stately charming movements, delighting his eye—was he not accustomed to thoroughbreds?

He waited on the bench, and when at last he stood up, there, in the ivy, she was!

He jumped on the bench. Was he dreaming, or did she whisper "Come, Paul, I have some words to say to you"?

V

Paul was never quite sure what happened next. He found himself in a room transformed by her subtle taste with masses of flowers—roses—big, white ones—tuberose—lilies of the valley

gardenias, late violets; with low shaded lights and a great couch filling one side of the room beyond the fire-place.

Such a couch! covered with a tiger-skin, and piled with pillows unlike any pillows he had ever seen.

The lady sank into it. She was in black still, but gauzy, clinging black that seemed to give some gleam of purple underneath. And if the day before yesterday her eyes had been green, now they were deepest violet.

"Come," she said, "you may sit beside me." He gasped, never having learnt a trick of *entrepreneur*. "For three days," she went on, "you have wanted me, is it not so?"

"Oh yes!" he managed to blurt out.

"And now we must talk a little

together, *n'est-ce pas*? How is your mother, the stately lady?"

"Very well, thank you—er, do you know her?"

"Of course... Look at me," and she bent forward over him, a gliding feline movement infinitely sinuous and attractive, while she blushed like a girl. "You are so young, and beautiful—and asleep."

"I'm *not* asleep!"

"Oh yes. But it is fate! I knew it that first night, and then among the green trees, and now—it is *plus fort que moi*."

"I'm so—so *glad*," exclaimed Paul, his voice breaking, and he covered her hands with kisses.

She plucked a great bunch of tube-

roses. "Take them—go—dream of me—and remember—there is to-morrow!"

VI

And to-morrow, and to-morrow.

How alluring did she appear, gay, and—young as Isabella!

He took in his breath with a hiss.

"Don't think of it," whispered the lady, "be young like me, and live under the blue sky!"

"No, I won't think of it—or of anything but you—Princess!"

"Daring one! Who taught you to call me that?"

VII

"Sleeping Beauty," she murmured.

"Could a kiss wake a soul?"

"I think so," Paul whispered.

"Not yet."

VIII

"At ten o'clock you must come under the ivy and wish me good night."

At ten o'clock he bounded on the bench. At 10.5 came a silvery laugh and the whisper "Good night!"

He gave a great sigh of pain.

Then, from the ivy, slowly her red lips melted into his in a long, strange kiss.

IX

The rains poured down. In the fur-shop under the hotel there were some nice skins, and a really splendid tiger, the deepest, most perfectly marked he had ever seen, and an infinitely better specimen than his lady had over her couch. It was not even dear as tigers go.

X

A bright fire burnt in the grate, and some palest orchid-mauve curtains were drawn in the lady's room when Paul entered from the terrace. And loveliest of all, in front of the fire, stretched at full length, was his tiger, and on him—also at full length—reclined the lady. Between her lips was a rose not redder than they.

It was not what one might expect in a Swiss hotel.

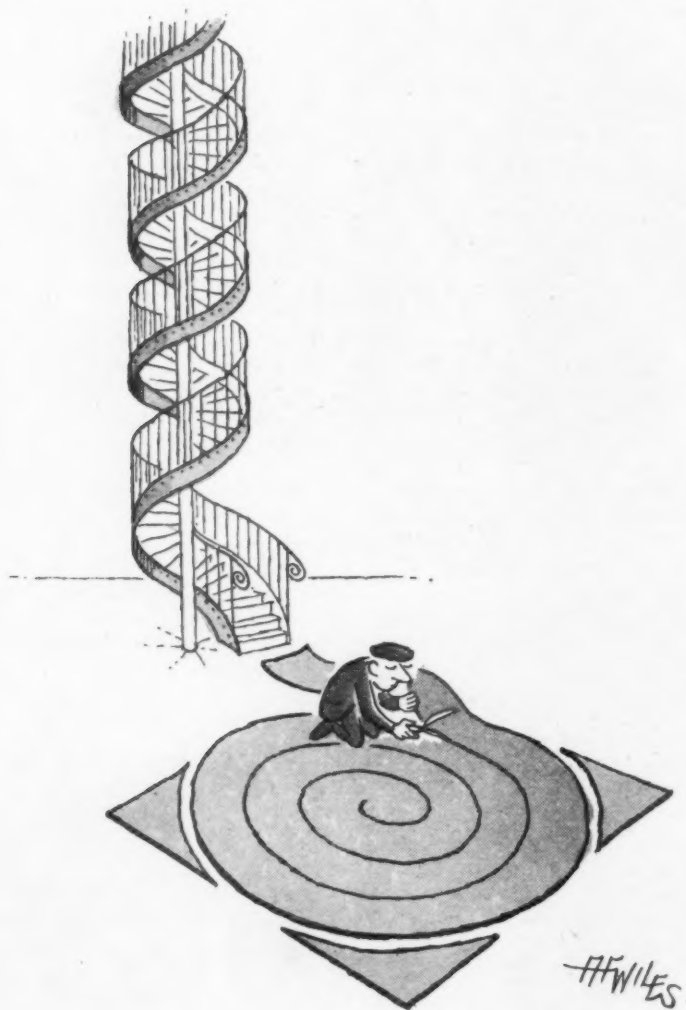
"I am in the devil's mood to-day," she said. "Paul, you must not come near me. Not yet."

She tossed the scarlet rose over to him; it hit his mouth.

"Beautiful one! Beautiful one!" she purred, "and now I have got your skin—for the joy of my skin!"

"I'm—er—glad you like him."

Out of her eyes darted strange flames



of—green. "The devil is in me! I must sing!"

"Sing, then!" roared Paul.

She seized a guitar and sang in some strange language, and when he could bear it no more, leant over his chair, purring unknown words into his ear.

He seized her. She quivered. "Beautiful, savage Paul! Do you love me?"

"Love you? Madly, and you know it—darling Queen!"

"Who told you?" demanded the lady; then in a voice in which all the caresses of the world seemed melted: "Sweet Paul, I shall teach you many things, and among them I shall teach you—how—to—LIVE."

XI

They moved up to the Burgenstock, to be alone with nature. He would feed her with strawberries while she murmured "Mylyi-moi," or she would half-strangle him with her hair; she could purr as a tiger might have done, while undulating like a snake; always—and this he prized above all—she was intensely *soignée*. When it rained she would get Dmitry to throw incense on the fire.

His Queen! The King—said Dmitry, silently handing him a revolver—was a Beast.

XII

Then to Venice, and *dolce far niente* and a *palazzo*.

Had they forgotten something?

No, there it was, the tiger, and his lady rose to meet him, out of her bower, cloths of gold, jewelled boxes of cigarettes and bonbons, little fountains of scent.

"We will drink deep of delights, *Moi-Lioubimy*—priceless one."

Her face was aflame with the *feu sacré*. But there came secret messengers. One knelt—"Imperatorskoye!" And at last he understood—she was Imperial Highness.

They would have to part! No Englishwoman would have thought of the details which made their Feast of the Full Moon so wonderful in Paul's eyes.

Dawn was creeping through the orchid blinds when this strange Queen disengaged herself from her sleeping lover's embrace, and bent over him, kissing his young curved lips. Then, with a wild, strangled sob, she fled.

It was a wonderful letter she left, and



he read it to the last word before falling back like a log, the paper fluttering from his nerveless fingers.

Ere his father could arrive on Sunday Paul was lying 'twixt life and death, madly raving with brain-fever, but as a poet or a diplomat might rave. It quite astonished his father.

And thus ended the three weeks of the episode.

XIII

But read on, you who purse lips. She sent him a collar for Pike, and his long dammed-up tears gushed forth. Then came the message: "Beloved, he is strong and fair, thy son born Feb. 19," with a tiny lock of hair.

At last, terrible news: her King—that hound of hell—had stabbed her.

For Paul, tears; for her—cold steel and blood. And so, as ever, the woman paid the price.

But now in the great cathedral, in a shaft of sunlight from the altar window, stands up proudly in his blue velvet suit trimmed with sable, a fair, rosy-cheeked, golden-haired English child of five years, the King of—we cannot of course disclose where; but to Paul, lurking behind a pillar, it means the icebergs of grief and pain melting away for ever.

And if that does not satisfy the most righteous reader, nothing will.

G. W. STONIER



HOW wrong are those cynics who say that there is no difference between the political parties! The difference between them is that the one party is "In" and the other is "Out." Do you remember the time when it used to be Mr. Jay, the Socialist, who went about writing that "the gentleman in Whitehall knows best"? Now in the Carlton Club Mr. George Brown is not allowed in for lunch, but gopaks can be danced. Conservatives turn Lady Garbett off her farm. The demand for better-mannered bureaucrats is raised from the Socialist benches—by Mr. Wedgwood Benn, Mr. Crossman and Mr. McColl, that catalogue of stern but bending Tories; and Mr. Gordon Walker from the front Socialist bench tells funny little stories about the idiocy of Government forms, about people who fill in their names as "Adolf Hitler" and no one notices—stories which eight years ago used to be told to the House by Sir Waldron Smithers. It is the Tories now who say that these silly anecdotes paint a very exaggerated picture and that there is no real cause for inquiry, and Sir Robert Boothby who wants building controls to come back. Mr. Macmillan, like the electors of Tonbridge, has an open mind. Unlike them and unfortunately for himself he has to say something. He is not at the moment very good at doing it.

But at least this is not true of the Nabarro boys. They may not be very

clear about the difference between the Socialist and Conservative front benches. At least they are clear enough about their differences from both of them. Mr. Macmillan may have been right in arguing that the particular proposal to bring the financing of nationalized industries directly under the Treasury was little more than a technicality, but Lord Hinchinbrooke, Mr. Nabarro



Sir Robert Boothby

and Mr. Angus Maude were certainly right to call attention to the rapidity with which the finances of the nationalized industries were escaping from all control altogether. If no other good has come out of it, at least it is good that the Prime Minister should at last have promised Lord Hinchinbrooke an inquiry, if not into the whole system of Parliamentary procedure at least into certain aspects of it. Both Mr. Gaitskell and the Prime Minister agreed that the time had not yet come for a full inquiry, as it was only eight years since there had been one. But surely what matters is not whether the question was asked eight years ago but whether it was answered—whether the Parliamentary machine has or has not been working in the interval.

The liveliness of the House this week has been at Question Time. Mr. Lang's dismissal from I.C.I. because of an ex-Communist wife and apparently other undisclosed reasons is another example of the good old rule which we have already enunciated. The authorities are indeed entitled up to a point to say that they get blamed for incompetence when, as with Fuchs, Pontecorvo, Burgess and Maclean, they bolt the stable door after the horse has fled, and get blamed for tyranny when, as with Mr. Lang, they bolt it before. But surely the truths are that we all dislike these cases where the facts cannot be disclosed and we are all prepared to admit that there are exceptional cases where the facts cannot be disclosed. We are anxious that these cases should be as rare as possible. So far Mr. Maudling was on a good wicket. But if the Government is going from time to time to ask us blindly to accept its word that its action is in the public interest, then it must be careful to build up for itself ample moral reserves by always coming fully clean on all cases where there are not these exceptional security reasons. The trouble with the authorities—we use purposely an impersonal term, for no one knows who really takes these decisions which Ministers announce—is that they have dissipated their moral reserves by a whole catalogue of evasions and half-truths where there was no necessity for them; no one any longer believes an official statement just because it is an official statement. The particular question in the Lang case, to which

Mr. Maudling gave no answer and to which an answer must be given, was "If Mr. Lang is a bad security risk in 1956 because he married an ex-Communist wife in 1951, why was he not a bad security risk in 1951?" Or, if the case against Mr. Lang really rests on some subsequent act of his, then the fact of his marriage was surely of such minor importance that it would have been far better not to have brought it up at all.

Even less satisfactory is the deportation of the Archimandrite. Mr. Lloyd George, the son of the man who made his name by pleading for the rights of the Boers when they were in arms against this country, himself perhaps the man least tainted with Liberal opinions of any Member of the present House of Commons, thought it sufficient to say that if foreigners come to this country they should behave themselves or they would be expelled. But the Government is continually signing Declarations of Human Rights in which we make promises about how we will treat all human beings. Are not foreigners human beings? Are these promises entirely meaningless when they happen to be inconvenient to ourselves? The Archimandrite may have been a very bad man, guilty of all of which the Home Secretary accused him. His compatriots in London may have deluged the Home Secretary with complaints against him. But we have only the word of the Home Secretary, as judge in his own case, for all this. Is it any wonder that Mr. Khrushchev is "all for the Conservatives"?

It is commonly said that Lords are deafer than Commoners, and certainly

the number of deaf aids that came out to listen to Lord Colyton's maiden speech would seem to confirm this. Or was it simply that, rare compliment to Lord Colyton, the noble lords wanted to hear the speech?

In the Commons Mr. Douglas Marshall was asking "When is a dog-fish not a dog-fish. There are dog-fish one can eat and dog-fish one cannot eat. Mr. Harmer Nicholls did not know.

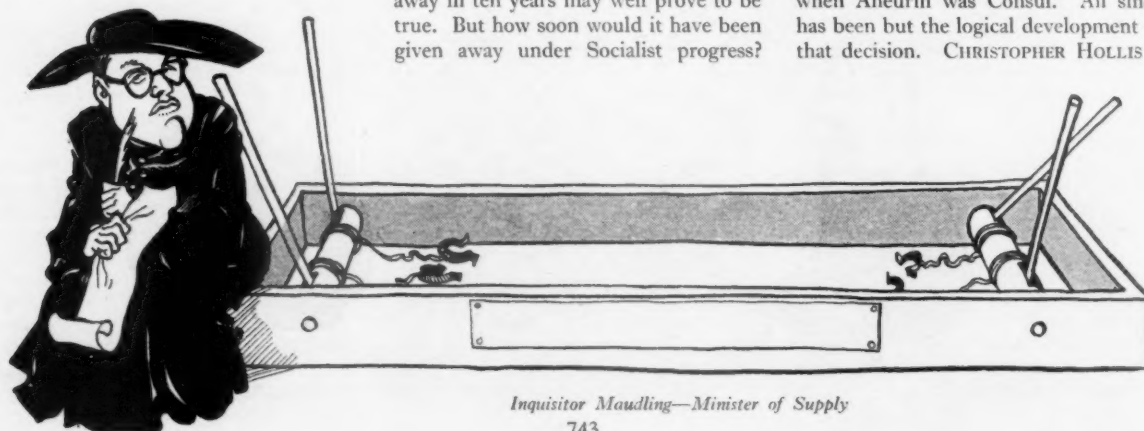
A dog-fish served with sauce and pickles,

*A simple dog-fish was to Nicholls—
To Marshall something more.*

It is the same story again. The odds were always in favour of the Trinidad deal going through ever since Lord Beaverbrook came out against it. The *Daily Express* line was indeed a difficult line for a paper whose two main principles are that politicians should not interfere with capitalists' business and that the peoples of the Empire should be supported. For, while many others were against the deal, the two groups that were certainly for it were the capitalists and the inhabitants of Trinidad. Mr. Macmillan's basic point was quite simple. We have not, publicly or privately, got the capital to develop the business ourselves, and the people of Trinidad insist on it being developed. That may be so, but if it is not it is idle to deny that our action is perilously near to unconditional surrender and that all the strings which we are pretending to attach are strings that there is no way of tying. It was only to be expected that the Socialists would denounce the deal, and Mr. Snow's complaint that at the present rate of Tory progress the whole Commonwealth will have been given away in ten years may well prove to be true. But how soon would it have been given away under Socialist progress?



The decision, whether it was a right or a wrong decision, that we must have American money and that in order to get it we must pay the price that the Americans demand was taken at the time of the American loan in 1946, when Aneurin was Consul. All since has been but the logical development of that decision. CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS



Inquisitor Maudling—Minister of Supply



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Oil, by Jingo



In the City



ANYTHING, it seems, anything with the slightest news value, will serve to distract the British (Parliament and Press) from the dismal contemplation of economic realities. It is announced that a marriage has been arranged between the Texas Oil company and the Trinidad Oil Company and that a dowry of \$180,000,000 is in the offing, and immediately the Kiplings of Westminster and Fleet Street get hot under the collar. First they consult the atlas to confirm Trinidad's position in the Commonwealth and Texas's relationship to the United States, and then they finger the thesaurus to find synonyms for "betrayal," "sell-out," "sordid bargaining" and "Yankee Imperialism." It is enough to make Lord Beaverbrook's cat laugh.

But for the exchange controls imposed by approaching penury on this country and the more vulnerable corners of the Commonwealth, this deal would have gone through without fuss and feeble flag-waving—just as a thousand deals went through in the nineteenth century when the boot was on the other foot (the Treasury has created a useful precedent in the mixed metaphor business), when Britain acquired land, railways, mineral rights and concessions in every part of the earth from pound-starved foreigners. In those days it was taken for granted that the rich should inherit the earth; but now apparently the old creed has been re-written to read "*Les nouveaux riches ne passeront pas.*"

The facts of this deal—very clearly presented by Mr. S. J. Vos, chairman of the Trinidad Oil Company—are quite simple. The Trinidad company is not in a position to sink vast quantities of

new capital in Trinidad: Texas is. Texas has already decided to build a refinery in Trinidad and is prepared to undertake new exploration and exploitation of the island's resources and so confer considerable benefit on its inhabitants. And for the privilege of tackling this assignment Texas is willing to pay £63 millions in good dollars, nearly twice the price ruling in a sensitive market before the bid was made. And these dollars would be available immediately for investment elsewhere in the Commonwealth, to finance a score of worthy schemes which the Government has approved but lacks the funds to put into force.

Strategically the oil of Trinidad is of little importance, a drop in the bucket, and the deal would neither push the island further from Britain nor make its products any dearer.

Opponents and proponents of the

marriage contract have made great play with a handful of facts relating to Anglo-American capital investment. The apologists recite the names Bowater and Vauxhall and talk of the mutual advantages derived from a free trade in capital: the critics string off a list of American industrial ventures in Britain and the Commonwealth and describe them as so many battles of the bulge. But beggars can't be choosers. On balance the Commonwealth is now an importer of capital, and nothing could do more harm to the British cause than to question the intentions and refuse the alms of the universal provider of the twentieth century.

Of course there are legal considerations to be considered and guarantees to be guaranteed before the deal can be made acceptable to Trinidad, Britain and Texas; but 180,000,000 dollars are 180,000,000 dollars, which is more than could be said with any certainty for an equivalent number of pounds sterling. MAMMON

Permanent Wayside Gardens



In the Country



IN my role as a marathon commuter I have travelled by train from Bideford to Waterloo some hundreds of times during the last twenty years. Every time I make this journey I gaze out of the window and am struck by the same problem. I think I have at last found an answer to the riddle which puzzles anybody who sits for hours in a train. It is, of course, the question of the railway embankment gardens or vegetable plots. You don't have to be much of a horticulturist to

notice that these minute allotments on the side of the permanent way are all superbly cultivated. But if you are a gardener, a train journey can be a painful and humiliating experience when you observe that the porters' peas are always half-way up their sticks before yours are even out of the ground; that the platelayers' broad beans appear to be immune from fly; and that, though you seldom see a railwayman with a hoe, you never see a weed on his immaculate little patch.

Some of these gardens have been won out of the steep embankment, and lie at an angle of thirty degrees. Many of them are flanked by mounds of coal, and all of them must receive their dusting of smeech and soot. What makes them so fertile? For a long time I thought perhaps the employees of the railways must have access to some chemical used in the railway engines and which had properties as a fertilizer too. I couldn't think what it could be; I knew that soot alone, though useful as a top dressing for onions and shallots, could not explain the prolific crops of runner beans and cauliflowers.

It was a porter at Taunton who put me wise. "We don't pay no rent for the ground, so it pays us more than double to work on them twice as hard."

RONALD DUNCAN



CRITICISM



BOOKING OFFICE

Where Angels Fear

MOST of the obituaries of Sir Max Beerbohm under-rated his tales. Of these, *The Dreadful Dragon of Hay Hill* is the weakest. It lacks the usual ambiguity; the profound but unoriginal truth that man needs the stimulus of a menace is presented rather flatly. *The Happy Hypocrite* contains a more fertile symbol. The 'nineties were fascinated by the mask. (*The Happy Hypocrite* came only a short time after *Appearance and Reality*.) Max uses a 'nineties property to pose twentieth century questions. Sir Kenneth Clark has pointed out that the rake who buys a saint's mask and, through love, grows to resemble it, is like the man who develops taste by posing as possessing it. Mimicry can educate. The ethics of becoming good by pretending to be good may be shaky, but perhaps civilizations gain from being conspiracies of conformity.

In *Seven Men*, Max's uncanny sense of what will preoccupy the future is very noticeable, as in the story of *James Pethel*, who uses danger as a drug. *A. V. Laidner* seems to be a pathological liar, though he may not be a liar at all but a man covering up the truth or, again, simply evading the narrator, whose social inadequacies and hesitations throughout the volume have something of Prufrock. The story he tells raises an ingenious point about freewill and prediction, a subject which is involved in the brilliantly organized plot of the first story, *Enoch Soames*. The volume as a whole is carefully built. It opens with the man from Preston who sees himself as an artist and isn't, and ends with the man from Ladbroke Grove who makes the same mistake; but the two errors are of different kinds. Soames is excited by milieu, "Savonarola" Brown by material. Soames is all form, Brown all content. Soames finds how terribly bad art becomes real life, Brown how the humdrum remains the humdrum, whether in the failure of his characters to come to life or in the manner of his death. Max was as interested in failure, bad art and the inability of the will to replace the judgment as Browning.

The kind of topics on which the book half opens a door are far nearer to the interests of the mid-twentieth century than to those of the period in which Max is thought to have remained stuck, though in fact it was the period in which he remained rooted, a very different thing.

Under the wildly entertaining, exhilaratingly precious surface, *Zuleika*



Dobson has not, like many fantasies of the period, gone soft. It seems firmer at each re-reading. In his preface to the third edition, Max complained that it had been mistaken for satire, while it should be regarded simply as fantasy. However, the fantasy has implications beyond itself and shows Max's curious sensitivity to what would seem important to the future. To make fun of the Death-Wish in 1911 was to take a leap forward and then turn to grin at the further side of a revolution in thought. The enchanting surface of the book, the wonderful jokes, the layers of self-parody cover less a serious purpose than serious questions, questions so gently asked that they could be disavowed. After all, the drawings are not only funny but generally make some case, and it is not improbable that Max's most sustained piece of writing should contain comment too.

Some of the comment is rather savage. Max's dandyism was ninetyish and æsthetic rather than aristocratic, and the Duke's pretensions are tested by making them shared with Noaks. Noaks is square-toed, Jude the Obscure, the undergraduate who must pursue scholarship because he lacks the money or birth to become one of the iridescent characters of *Sinister Street* or *Brideshead Revisited*. How much of this book there is in the recent discussions of Redbrick and Lucky Jim and U and Non-U. The heroine is a conjurer, like the hero of Chesterton's *Magic* two years later. She is a star, a creature of glamour without ability. Delicate suggestions are made by her adventures about the nature of Romance, of Youth, of Universities. Nothing is even as explicit as "Only connect."

Max was at first treated as an endearing light-weight, then praised as really more "successful" than more pretentious writers. There has recently been a reaction. It is no longer daring or interesting to suggest he might be a better essayist than Lamb. In a frivolous age he was admired for the perfection of his frivolity. Now it seems that grimmer times are upon us and, while unregenerate souls will probably always read him for delight, his reputation will have to be restyled for the solemn young. As soon as we try to make the attempt we begin to wonder whether we did not miss the point when we took him at his own valuation. How often our contemporary problems turn out to have been casually raised by him years and years ago, how often our solutions derive from him through his early influence on the clever young of three generations. It would be absurd and coarsely destructive of a perfect trifle to call *Zuleika Dobson* a great novel, but might it not be worth, just for once, thinking about it as though it were?

R. G. G. PRICE

American Intellectuals

A Charmed Life. Mary McCarthy. Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 15/-

Miss McCarthy is a sort of transatlantic feminine equivalent of Mr. Angus Wilson, preoccupied with much

the same material, though her style is sharper and clearer, and her attitude towards her subject-matter lacks the ambivalence displayed by her opposite number in this country. Continuing her merciless dissection of the American intellectual, she has, in her new novel, forsaken the Groves of Academe to cast a cold eye upon the members of a New England bohemian community in general; and, in particular, upon Martha Sinnott, "a strange, poetical-looking being" of thirty-three, who is revisiting the scene of an early marital disaster with her second husband John. Each of them fears "that if the other let go, for an instant, the construct of their lives would crumble like stale cake frosting": a result duly achieved when Martha injudiciously allows herself to be seduced by her sadistic first husband Miles.

The author spares her protagonists nothing in this acute analysis of the high-brow predicament; her command of the idiom is exemplified by such sentences as "a dispersed, explosive cubism, in dark, smoky colours, in which the sitter's personality-nucleus was blown apart into its component solids . . ."

J. M.-R.

"We" and Me. J. W. Robertson Scott. W. H. Allen, 21/-

From this patchwork but vigorous book no one could guess that its author is ninety. His subject is the Press, as it was and is. In reminiscences of four editors with whom he worked he gives a vivid picture of journalism before the battle of the circulations. Much of it rings strangely to-day. Although an evening paper, the *Westminster Gazette* ran competitions for Latin and Greek verses; when J. A. Spender was in its chair he was treated by Prime Ministers almost as a member of the Cabinet. Edmund Garrett, who left the *Gazettes* to edit the *Cape Times*, H. W. Massingham, and Ernest Parke of the *Star* complete the quartet.

Mr. Robertson Scott's comments on the position of the modern editor are shrewd, but of even greater interest is his

description of how, against all expert advice, he started *The Countryman* (on a capital of £500) which for twenty years he edited with notable success until he retired in 1947.

E. O. D. K.

The Downfall of the German Secret Service. Karl Bartz. Kimber, 18/-

A dual role played by the Military Intelligence of the German Army during the last World War kept the Allies informed in advance of many moves by the German forces, while at the same time they seem to have been so utterly trusted by Hitler and Himmler that grounds for suspicion were ignored. Their opposition to Hitler, inspired by lack of confidence in victory, led to attempts to negotiate terms with this country suggesting they disposed of Hitler, if necessary, by assassination. The execution of most of the leading figures of the German Secret Service shortly before Hitler's final downfall was due solely to their own imprudence. Their belief that no one would dare to search the rooms and records of the Intelligence Service cost them their lives. A. V.

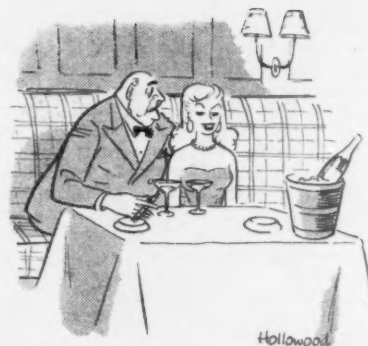


AT THE GALLERY

On Hanging

ADMITTING that a quarter of a century has elapsed—including the period of the last war—since the National Gallery was in possession of its full quota of rooms, and the difficulties occasioned by this circumstance, it is questionable if the public is best served by the constant shuffling and swapping of pictures. It is as if some endless series of games of Patience or Happy Families were being played out with the pictures as cards. People come to galleries to see pictures in peace, and a happy state of mind is not induced by a lengthy search for a favourite picture, or group of pictures, which has suddenly—and to the layman inexplicably—disappeared or been rehung at the other end of the building.

Having made this protest it must be conceded that the present deal of cards, whereby the nineteenth century French paintings in the gallery have been reinforced by a new Delacroix, and a loan from Sir Chester Beatty that includes Bonnard and Vuillard, has resulted in a gloriously successful piece of hanging. For this the crimson silken walls of the larger room are to a great extent responsible. They enhance Monet's *Vétheuil* *Sunshine and Snow* to a degree which even those who have known and admired the picture in London for twenty years or more will find astonishing. Sir Chester Beatty's superb lemon-and-gold Van Gogh of sunflowers—previously unknown to me—makes one catch one's breath with the same excitement as does spring foliage in sunlight seen from within a red room. The more sober Cézanne of *La Vieille au Chapelet* stands



"Would this be a take-over bid, Mr. Krankstein?"

up superbly to the red ground, but Renoir's *Les Parapluies* was perhaps slightly better served by the café-au-lait walls against which it has recently been hanging and which have always seemed perfection. That most of the pictures are shown without glass is an added attraction.

Recommended

The Lefevre Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1 (Closes, 23 June). Nineteenth and twentieth century French paintings.

The Marlborough Gallery, Renoir, 17/18 Old Bond Street, W.1. Proceeds go to the purchase of the Renoir House at Cagnes. (June). Fifty Renoirs, some not previously seen in England.

ADRIAN DAINTREY

AT THE PLAY

The Caine Mutiny Court-Martial (HIPPODROME)

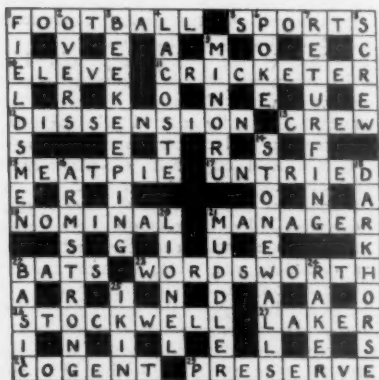


Romeo and Juliet (OLD VIC)

Man Alive! (ALDWYCH)

A TRIED axiom of the theatre rules that plays built round a law court can scarcely fail, so delighted is an audience to find itself a jury without responsibility. The most successful have generally jacked up their big scenes on uninhibited legal behaviour and the deadly disclosure of scandal; even *Carrington V.C.*, although an army play, took out an insurance with love interest. In *The Caine Mutiny Court-Martial* HERMAN WOUK has put himself in a much straiter jacket; there are no women, and the case is conducted within the courteous but narrow limits of naval discipline. The force of the drama depends on subtle changes of character under pressure. Mr. WOUK's task wasn't easy, but he has written an exciting play, marred only by an awkward ending.

I am told the book is treated faithfully. During a typhoon in the last war the second-in-command of an American destroyer has seized control of the ship, claiming that his captain has become a hopeless neurotic whose orders are endangering her safety. The lieutenant,



Solution to last week's crossword

a stupid, honest fellow played admirably by NIGEL STOCK, is allotted a clever young barrister, an airman with a chip on his shoulder. The defence begins so oddly, discarding possible aces right and left, that the court is aghast; but the boy's counsel knows his job, and DAVID KNIGHT gives him a quiet, almost insolent, confidence. One's first impression of the captain is that of a tired but reasonable man. Gradually, with horrible precision, he is goaded over the edge, until, tangled in lies and oblivious of where he is, he cracks in exactly the way he is said to have done in the typhoon. It may not be a pretty spectacle, this unpeeling of a human façade, but it is gripping; the writing is good, and LLOYD NOLAN's performance lethally sure.

Light relief arrives tactfully at the right moments, and the balance is so careful that when the court adjourns we still cannot be certain of the verdict. It comes as something of a shock that we never see the court again. Instead the play ends at a drunken party, where we learn the lieutenant's fate and also the facts in the counsel's history explaining the bitterness and reluctance with which he has accepted the case. This makes a mawkish little scene, which breaks the tension of the court and fails to establish much of its own; but the play is more than good enough to survive it.

The production, by Mr. NOLAN, has the superior smoothness of a turbine. Although mostly British, the cast speaks a consistent near-American—a rare feat. ESMOND KNIGHT, ROBERT HARDY, PETER

DYNELEY and PETER WILLIAMS are all reliably at action stations, and nothing in Freud's centenary year is more acceptable than the psychiatrists of MARTIN WYLDECK and ALEC MCCOWEN, the one purring blandly and the other owlishly arrogant.

ROBERT HELPMANN's *Romeo and Juliet*, which the Old Vic is to take to America, persuades us of nearly everything except the incandescence of its lovers. It stresses the magnificence, the uneasiness, the heat and also the awful boredom of life in Verona. Its set, laid out in lavish architecture by LOUDON SAINTHILL, may make the actors long for an escalator but conveys the feeling of an ample city. With CHARLES GRAY the government is in princely hands, and the wit and spirit of PAUL ROGERS' excellent Mercutio suggests that even at a hundred in the shade good talk can still be had. The weakness of the lovers is that separately they are better than they are together. JOHN NEVILLE, one would have thought, carried all the guns for Romeo; voice, presence, eloquence. So he does, save one, the ability here to melt, to be really swept away beyond a certain consciousness of fine acting. CLAIRE BLOOM touches more emotion, but it is that of a child rather than of a girl growing up; when she tries for the bigger notes of passion shrillness drowns their effect. Neither performance is bad, only disappointing; both will doubtless improve. Curiosities in this production are WYNNE CLARK's gipsyish nurse, asking for a crystal at a fair, and JACK GWILLIM's

muscular Friar Laurence, the mainstay, surely, of Verona's boys' club.

The funniest thing in *Man Alive!* is the blistering commentary from two female dummies in an Oxford Street shop window, JOAN BENHAM and JOAN SIMS. The basic idea of this new farce by JOHN DIGHTON is ingenious, a lamp which melts a handsome dummy, BRIAN REECE, into an innocently amorous human who makes havoc of the Winter Sales, and solidifies the harassed managing director of the store, ROBERTSON HARE. Stuff for a good single act has had to be spread over three, with too many verbal jokes, but it is skillfully done and there are very happy moments.

Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

The Rainmaker (St. Martin's—6/6/56), an American hick comedy, unexpectedly charming. *Hotel Paradiso* (Winter Garden—9/5/56), wild spirits in a French farce. *For Amusement Only* (Apollo—13/6/56), a new revue with streaks of brilliance. ERIC KEOWN

AT THE BALLET



Hungarian State Company
(PALACE)
Solitaire (SADLER'S WELLS)

PETER DAUBENY's adventurous policy of staging exotic entertainment at the Palace Theatre for limited seasons has brought to London the Hungarian State Company of Dance, Song and Music. This band of one hundred and thirty performers was, need I say, greeted with the vociferous fervour which any troupe from behind the Iron Curtain can now count upon, regardless of artistic desert.

As it turns out, pleasure of eye and ear needs no assistance from political sympathy. The evident enjoyment with which dancers, singers and instrumentalists show off before a warmly appreciative audience is particularly disarming. This is, to all appearance, an unsophisticated entertainment which can dispense with a good deal of professional convention, notably in dress and make-up.

There is much folksy romping in which the women's highly-coloured peasant dresses with elaborate kerchiefs and aprons add gaily to spectacles of gipsy mumming and ceremonial action-songs. The nearest approach to virtuosity in female dancing is that based on the Hungarian custom of girls and women carrying laden baskets on their heads. Instead of a basket each dancer balances a carafe of red wine, without mishap despite complicated steps and evolutions.

Though the general atmosphere is that of a village green there is some highly accomplished dancing, notably when the male soloists, in "Dotting Dance," follow the phrasing of LASZLO GULYAS's music with the masterly precision



Lt. Greenwald—DAVID KNIGHT

Lt.-Cmdr. Queeg—LLOYD NOLAN

(The Caine Mutiny Court-Martial)

exacted by the choreography of MIKLOS RABAI.

"A kind of game for one . . ." is KENNETH MACMILLAN's descriptive subtitle for *Solitaire*, a new ballet, all light and prettiness, done for the first time by the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet. Woven most skilfully into the prettiness is the wistful figure of a young girl who, in spite of gay companionship and several suitors, remains lonely at heart.

Though the part of the Solitary calls for a shade more subtlety and variety of expression than MARGARET HILL at present brings to it, the note of pathos is none the less touching. SARA NEIL has the more obvious opportunities in an amusing passage of ironic comment. DONALD BRITTON, MICHAEL BOULTON and DONALD MACLEARY are all well suited and the whole conceit, performed to pleasant melodies by MALCOLM ARNOLD and in a setting of ice-blue scaffolding designed by DESMOND HEELEY, abounds with gay invention. C. B. MORTLOCK



Commander Adams—LESLIE NIELSEN

Robby—A Robot
Altaira Morbius—ANNE FRANCIS

[Forbidden Planet

AT THE PICTURES

Forbidden Planet
The Birds and the Bees

ALTHOUGH nobody could pretend that *Forbidden Planet* (Director: FRED McLEOD WILCOX) was an important work of art, it is certainly one of the most entertaining pieces of science-fiction I have seen. One can't take it very seriously; but since in the cast list an important character (if that's the word) is archly described as "Robby the Robot," the chances are one isn't meant to.

The scene is mostly on Altair-4, an "earth-type planet," some time later than—if I heard correctly—A.D. 2200. This Robby is an exceedingly elaborate mechanical factotum—and my word, I mean factotum!—constructed by a professor from the earth, who has for twenty years been with his daughter on Altair-4, where they are now the only survivors of their expedition. The film starts in a flying saucer travelling at "light speed" and full of well-set-up young men from the earth, charged with the task of rescuing him and taking him back.

It turns out that he doesn't want to be rescued and will go to considerable lengths to avoid it, but this is not immediately apparent. "Of course," he affably greets the newcomers (he is WALTER PIDGEON in a somewhat Elizabethan beard)—"Of course you must stay for lunch," and they do; lunch being provided by the invaluable Robby the Robot, among whose accomplishments is the ability to synthesize on the spot practically anything he is given a sample of. (He supplies one of the visitors with gallons of whisky, complete with bottles, after reflectively considering the "pattern" dose poured into his inwards and giving a dispassionately disrespectful report on its quality.)

The thing has been thought out in considerable detail, and every remarkable phenomenon is explained, or at least described, in scientific terms that seem for the moment most convincing. The climax approaches the horrific: the visitors are threatened, and one of them is killed, by an invisible, mindlessly ferocious entity of some kind that proves to be the Professor's *id*, which in a way I didn't quite grasp ("quite" is good) "renews its molecular structure from one micro-second to the next," and is therefore indestructible by the earthmen's ray-guns or anything else.

Ah, well. Nonsense, but entertaining nonsense. It is all in CinemaScope and Eastman Colour, the Special Effects are "through courtesy of Walt Disney Productions," and there is even a credit for the providers of the "electronic tonalities," which I take to be a shot at reproducing what they used to call the music of the spheres.

There was really nothing very notable in this week's lot, and if I pick *The Birds and the Bees* (Director: NORMAN TAUROG) for mention now rather than either of the other two possibilities it implies no kind of distinction about the film itself. I had seen it and noted as a curiosity a sort of "period" atmosphere about the ostensibly modern story, a flavour of fifteen or twenty years ago, before discovering that this was only to be expected, for the film is a very free remake of *The Lady Eve* (1941). The name of PRESTON STURGES as one of the script-writers should have given me the clue, but the story itself, as told here, I honestly didn't remember; and certainly the emphasis has been changed. The thing is plainly a

"vehicle" for the American TV comedian GEORGE GOBEL, and at intervals what is essentially a straight comedy makes room—but not excuse—for a quite irrelevant song-and-dance number. One is called "The Birds and the Bees," and that seems to be absolutely the only reason, if it is a reason, for the film's title.

Mr. GOBEL appears as a bumbling, accident-prone young man who falls for the charming daughter (MITZI GAYNOR) of a card-sharp (DAVID NIVEN), and one thing that indicates how little they have bothered about the piece as a whole is that when these opportunities arise he is shown to be a skilful song-and-dance man—which for the part he plays is utterly out of character. The whole thing is trivial moment-to-moment entertainment, effective enough as a distraction but quite empty.

* * * * *

Survey
(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

One London phenomenon not to be missed is the *Observer* Film Exhibition in Trafalgar Square, where you can spend fascinating hours before the cinemas open at all, as well as after.

Of the established films, only *Thérèse Raquin* (13/6/56) and *Pacific Destiny* (13/6/56) are likely to be still about; but there is an interesting new crop, including JACQUES BECKER's *Honour Among Thieves*, two Pabst works about the Hitler days, *The Jackboot Mutiny* and *Ten Days to Die*, and DIANA DORS being serious in *Yield to the Night*.

Not one of the latest releases was mentioned here. Remember the earlier ones *Patterns of Power* (23/5/56) and its running mate, *Nightmare*.

RICHARD MALLETT



ON THE AIR

This Week and Panorama

THERE was a time when the B.B.C., in its pursuit of pure radio, disallowed the use of the term "magazine programme." On no account would producers allow script-writers to borrow from the language of journalism. "Column" was out, so were "page," "essay," "article" and "chapter." Radio was not in competition with the Press, owed nothing to it, and could evolve its own terminology. That was the idea.

Well, times have changed. The popular newspapers no longer concern themselves primarily with news; they have all become illustrated magazines stuffed with gossip about television personalities and racy follow-up articles on subjects featured in and often raised by channels one and nine. And radio and television now borrow unashamedly from the Press, adopting its devices and techniques, its literary style, even its journalese. Television now uses headlines and crossheads; its news often consists of still photographs with captions; its sports reports are mere transcriptions from the back pages of the dailies; it uses the bait of cash and prize competitions; it has its Aunt Agatha's Corner, its correspondence columns, cartoons, picture pages, and astrologers.

I was reminded of this dramatic transposition when I was the guest the other day of the I.T.A.'s "This Week," a topical magazine programme resembling the B.B.C.'s "Panorama." There were six items, all of them the kind of thing one expects to find featured in the illustrated weeklies—a bit of old film



["This Week"—Profile on Eisenhower

RANDOLPH CHURCHILL; FLEUR COWLES; BENNETT CERF
PRESIDENT EISENHOWER MICHAEL WESTMORE

about the *Titanic*, a short and largely uninformative discussion about Texas and Trinidad oil companies, souvenirs of President Eisenhower by Randolph Churchill, Bennett Cerf and others, another aimless chat about independent airways and B.O.A.C., an interview with a lawyer lately returned from Communist China, and a peep at the author of *The Long Walk*.

This rag-bag underlined the essential weakness of all TV magazine programmes—the fact that the viewer has to sit through every item, goodish, bad and indifferent, if he is not to miss something or somebody in which he is genuinely interested. With a pulp magazine we are free to turn the pages at our own speed, to select and reject; but in "Panorama" and "This Week" we are trapped into acceptance of the entire menu. Losers takes all.

To be worth watching a magazine programme has to be consistently bright and rich in texture, and altogether more virile, significant and controversial than the average literary product.

"This Week" is one of the I.T.A.'s most useful ventures, but it seems to lack resources. Every item in this particular edition was skimmed: there were no hard facts to support the vapourings of the speakers, no maps, diagrams, statistics or pertinent illustrations, and the memoirs of Ike were edited in a manner to suggest a premature obituary notice. "Panorama" is badly in need of competition, but "This Week," so long as it is made on a shoestring, is unlikely to make much of the assignment.

The B.B.C.'s new series "A Question of Science" got away very smartly with first-rate contributions by Sir Edward Bullard, P. B. Medawar, a doctor and Alec Bedser. We were given the low-down on—among other things—slimming, growing old, and swinging a new cricket ball, and every viewer must have been impressed by the weight of evidence and authority paraded. Science explains swerve on the cricket field in terms of aerodynamic inevitability, but remains dubious about such excuses (from batsmen) as "It swung late" and "It was an in-ducker." In Australia, we are told, scientists are already tackling these vital problems with a will and wind tunnels, and it seems certain that the struggle for the Ashes will in future be decided by the back-room boys. What, I wonder, would, Dr. Pevsner make of this aspect of the Englishness of English art?

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

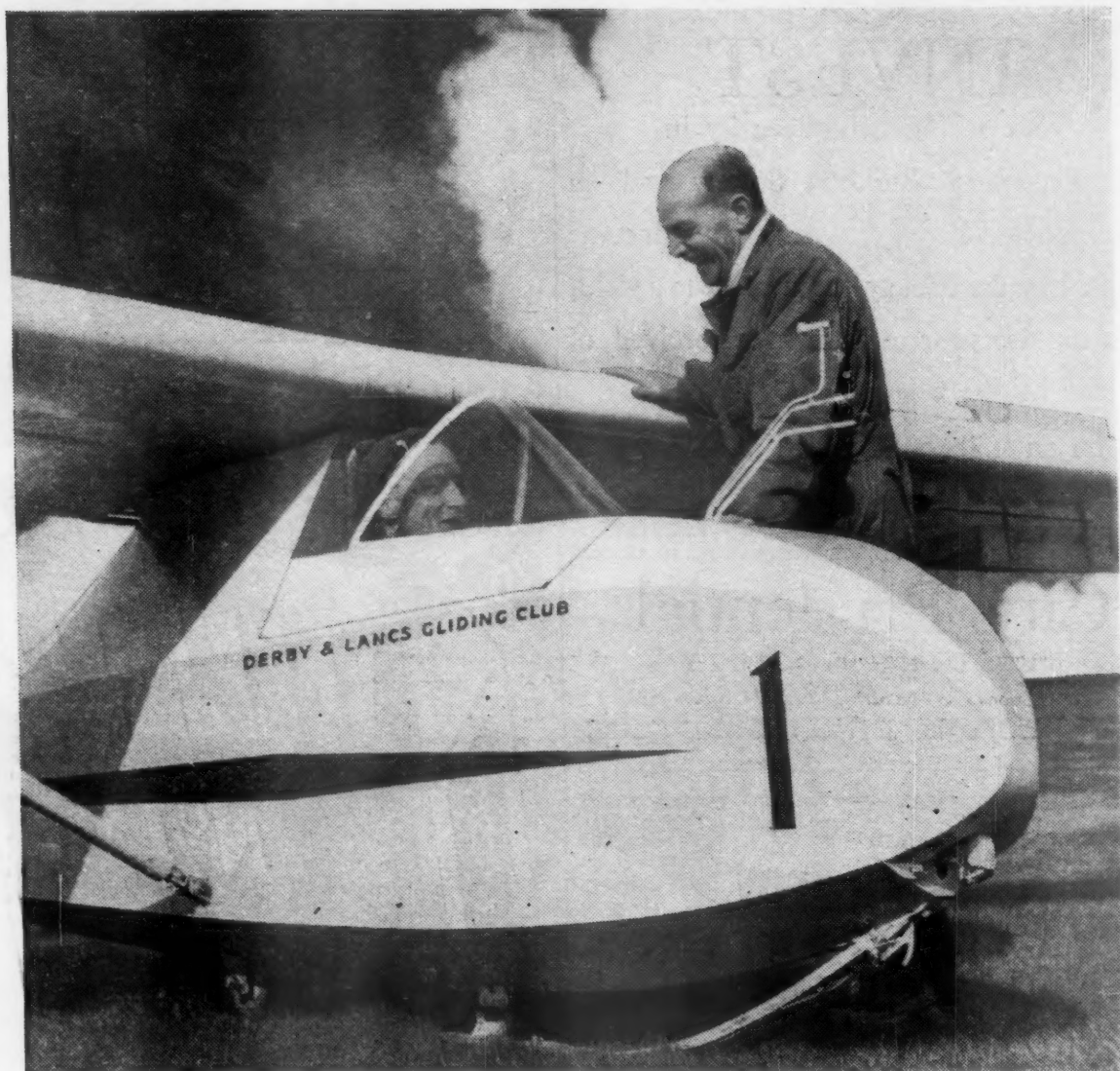


"Sorry, wrong room I guess."

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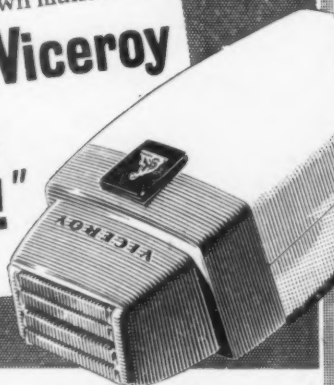
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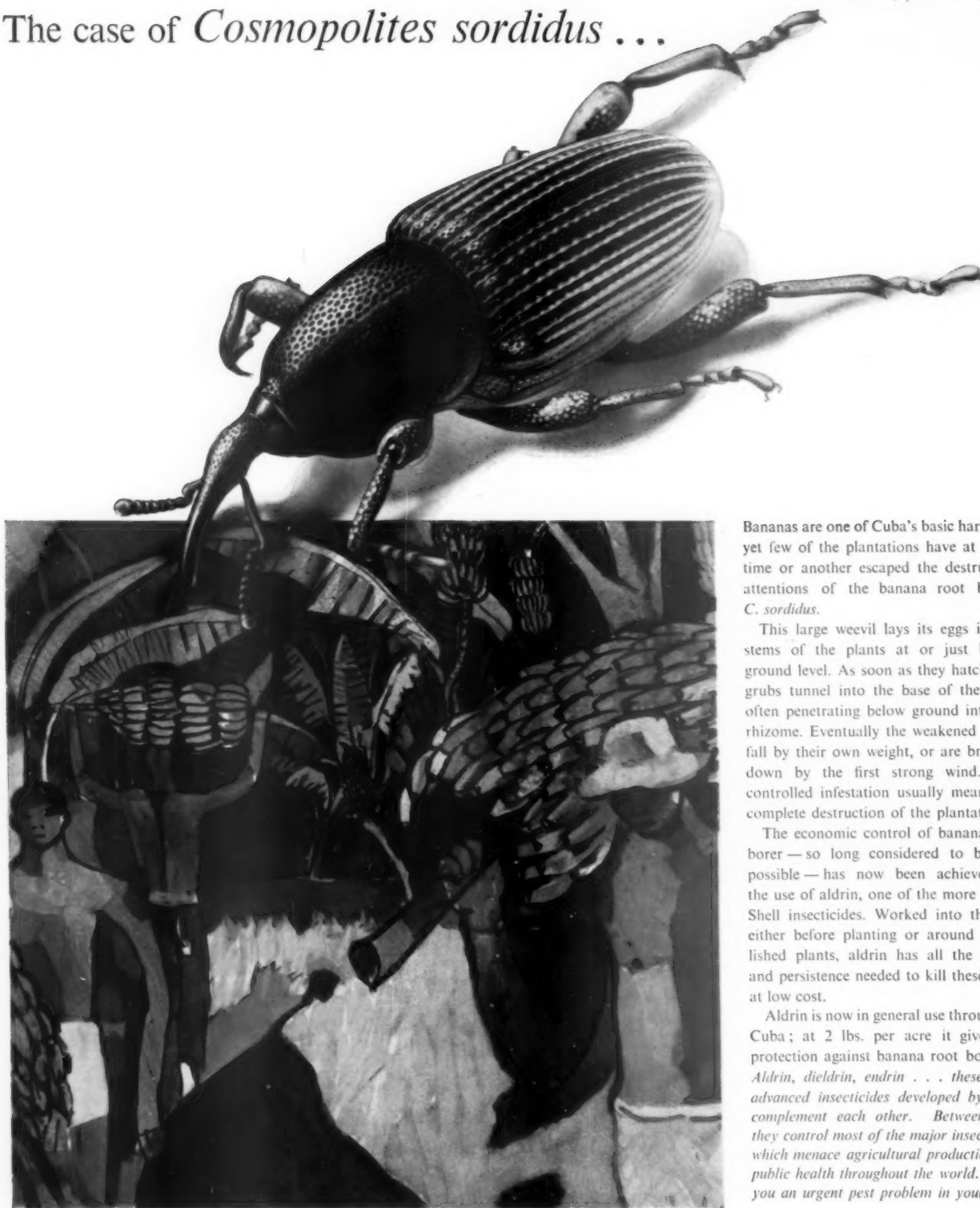
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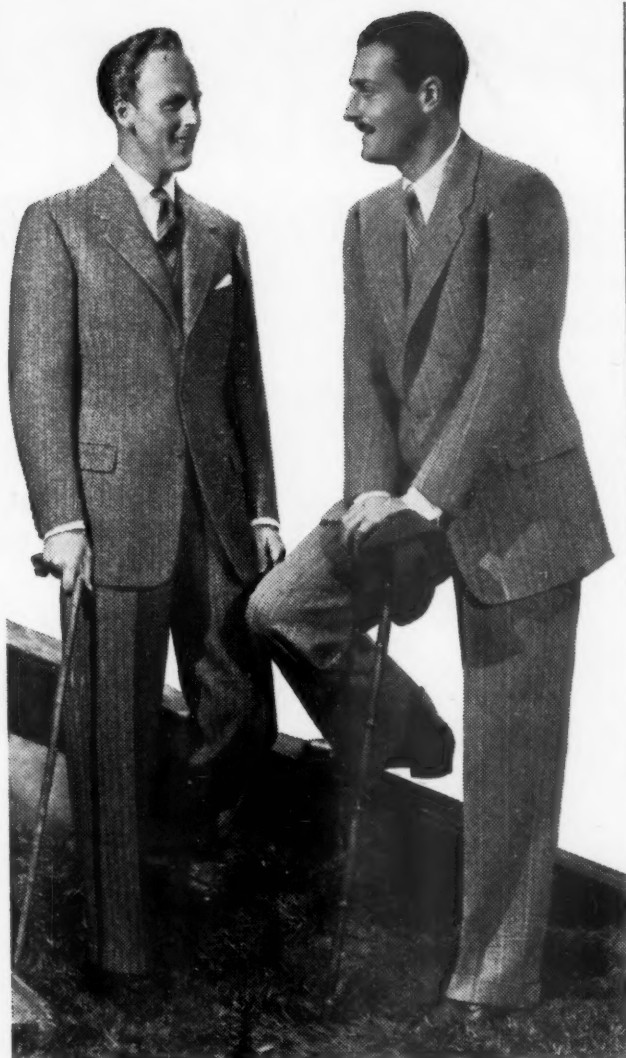
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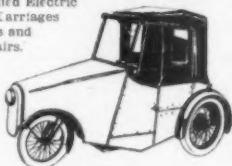
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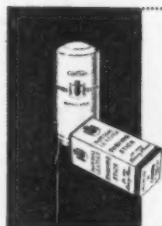
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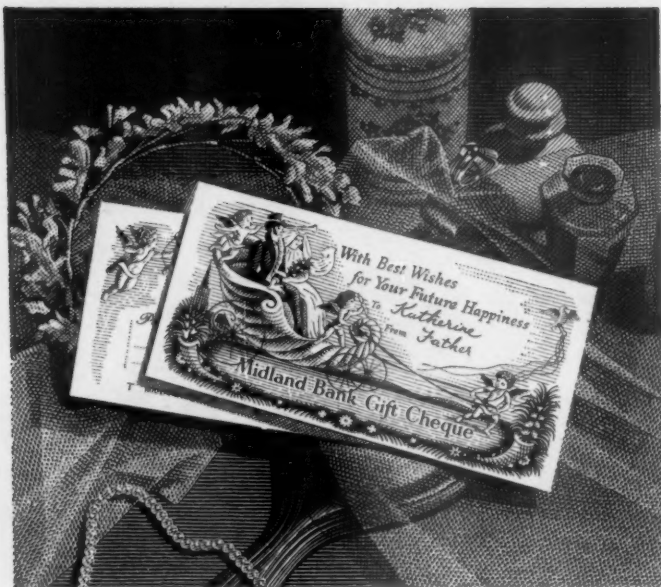
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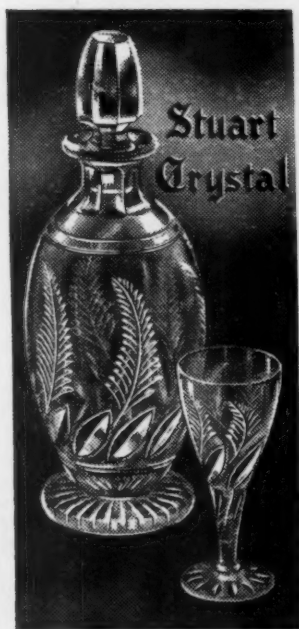
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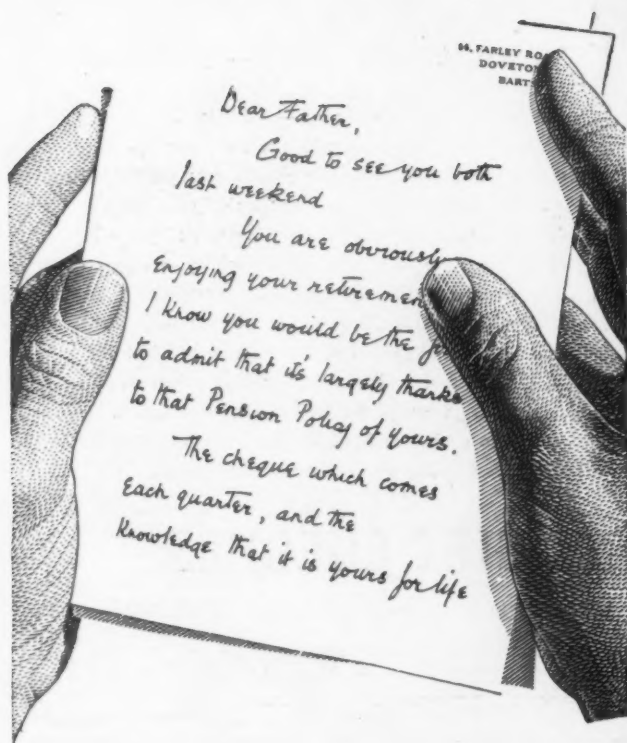
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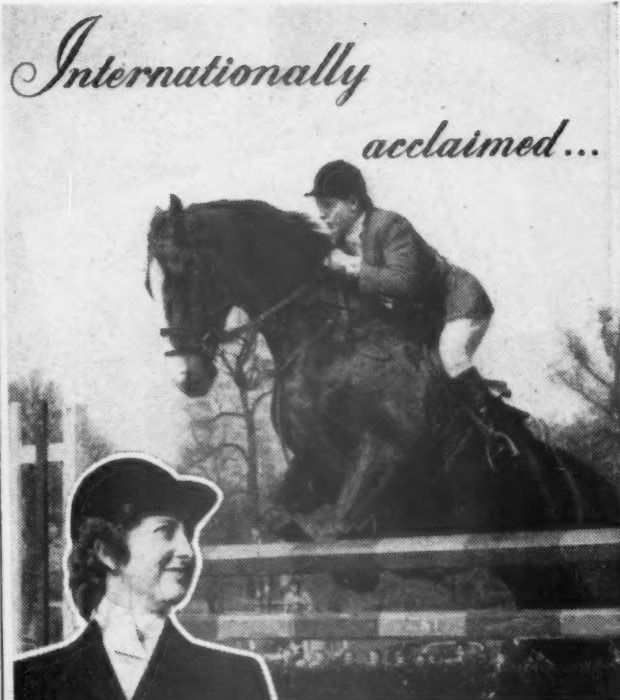
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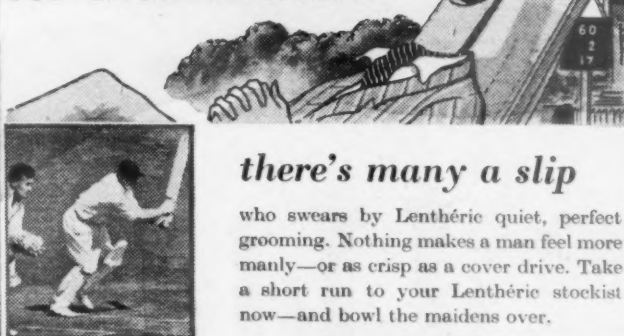
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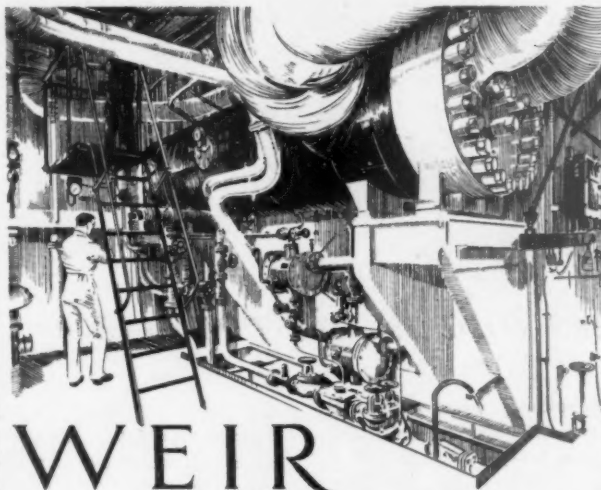
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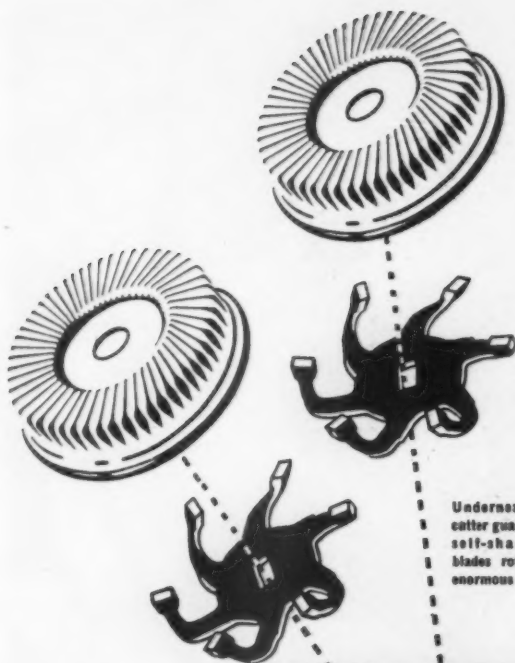
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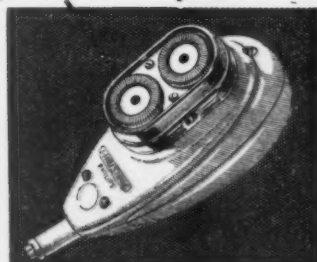
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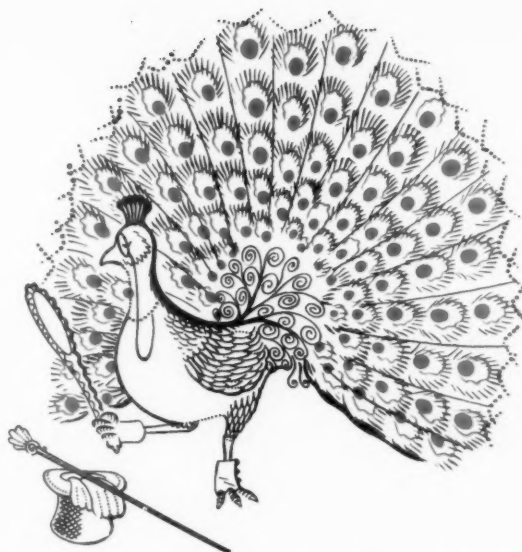
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